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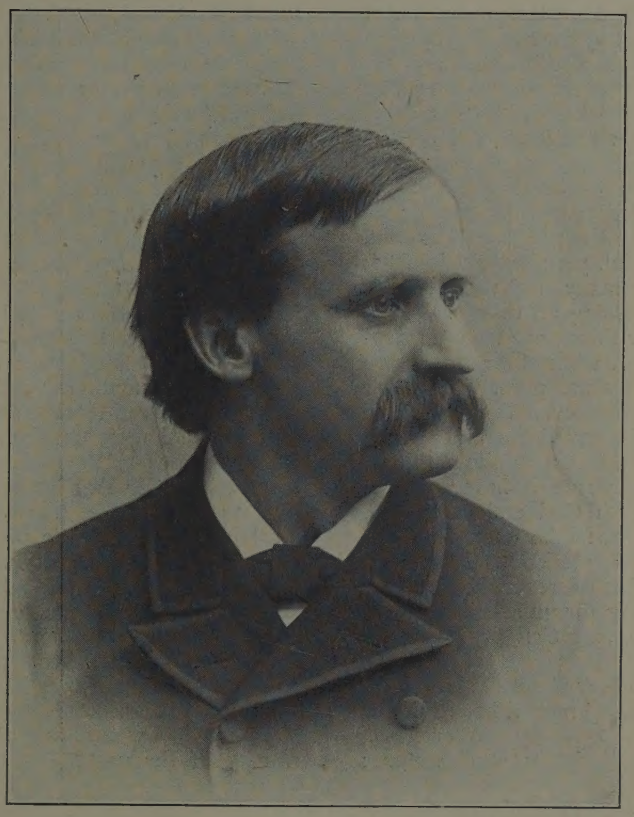
UNITY

Freedom, Fellowship and Character in Religion



HENRY MARTYN SIMMONS

By the pain-throb, triumphantly winning intensified bliss,
And the next world's reward and repose, by the struggles in this.
—Browning.

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Selections Read by W. C. Gannett at the Minneapolis Memorial Meeting, June 4, 1905

If we live in the Spirit, let us also walk in the Spirit. Now the fruit of the Spirit is love, joy, peace, long-suffering, gentleness, goodness, faith, meekness, temperance. And we glory in tribulations also; knowing that tribulation worketh patience, and patience experience, and experience hope; and hope maketh not ashamed, because the love of God is shed abroad in our hearts by the Holy Spirit which is given unto us.

Let us then, as workers together with God, in all things strive to approve ourselves as the ministers of God, in much patience, in afflictions, in necessities, in distresses, in labors, in watchings, in fastings; by pureness, by knowledge, by long-suffering, by kindness, by the Holy Spirit, by love unfeigned, by the word of truth, by the power of God, by the arm of righteousness on the right hand and on the left, by honor and dishonor, by evil report and good report; counted as deceivers, and yet true; as unknown, and yet well known; as dying, and, behold, we live; as chastened, and not killed; as sorrowful, yet always rejoicing; as poor, yet making many rich; as having nothing, and yet posessing all things!

Finally, whatsoever things are true, whatsoever things are honest, whatsoever things are just, whatsoever things are pure, whatsoever things are lovely, whatsoever things are of good report; if there be any virtue, and if there be any praise,—let us think on these things. For the memorial of virtue is immortal, because it is known with God and with men. When it is present, men take example at it; and when it is gone they desire it. It weareth a crown, and triumpheth forever, having gotten the victory, striving for undefiled rewards.

Paul (Gal. v., Rom. v., 2 Cor. vi., Phil. iv.): Wisd. Sol. iv.

Let us be of good cheer about death. Nothing evil can befall a good man either in life or after death. *Socrates.*

Honor him whose *life* is perpetual victory; him who by sympathy with the invisible and real, finds support in labor instead of praise; who does not shine, and would rather not. . . . It is in rugged crises, in unweariable endurance, and in aims that put sympathy out of question, that the angel is shown. But these are heights that we can scarce remember and look up to without contrition and shame. Let us thank God that such things exist. Such souls, when they appear, are the Imperial Guard of virtue. One needs not praise their courage, they are the heart and soul of Nature. Real people, dwelling with the real, face to face, undaunted.

Do not waste life in doubts and fears; spend yourself on the work before you, well assured that the right performance of this hour's duties will be the best preparation for the hours, or ages, that follow it.

Immortality will come to such as are fit for it, and he who would be a great soul in future must be a great soul now.

A great integrity makes us immortal; an admiration, a deep love, a strong will, arms us above fear of death. The love that will be annihilated rather than be treacherous has already made death impossible, and affirms itself no mortal, but a native of the deeps of absolute and inextinguishable being.

All I have seen teaches me to trust the Creator for all I have not seen. Whatever it be which the great Providence provides for us, it must be something large and generous and in the great style of his works. The future must be up to the style of our faculties,—of memory, of hope, of imagination, of reason.

That which befits us, embosomed in beauty and wonder as we are, is cheerfulness and courage and the endeavor to realize our aspirations. Shall not the heart which has received so much trust the Power by which it lives, the Soul that has guided it so gently and taught it so much,—secure that the future will be worthy of the past? *Emerson.*

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UNITY

"HE HATH MADE OF ONE ALL NATIONS OF MEN."

VOLUME LVI. THURSDAY, OCTOBER 12, 1905. NUMBER 6

Henry M. Simmons

August 20, 1841 May 26, 1905

The Victor.

So calmly, quietly he walked, that men,
Unless they knew the inward of his days,
Might feel that he, indeed, was born for praise,
And that the native sunlight tipped his pen;
Yet, in his path the lion had his den,
And strangling serpents hissed along his ways;
Early and late the woodland was ablaze
For him who loved the coolness of the fen.

O Strongheart! not in vain you bore the strife!
The lion and the serpent at your word
Crouched harmless and the flames died impotent.
We who know all are braver for your life,
And daily, since your summons we have heard,
Shall bear more nobly, walk more reverent.

—James H. West.

Unity's Memorial to One of Its Founders.

It is fitting that UNITY should welcome to its columns those who share with it the losses and the gains of a life like that of Henry Simmons. He was one of the founders and his unflagging interest and never-waning sympathy have helped to keep UNITY alive to this day. However other friends might grow weary, dissatisfied or distracted by other causes and other interests, the heart of Simmons was ever true to UNITY. His love for it never flagged; his faith in it was never abated; his support of it was ever constant. His visible support was palpable to all readers of UNITY, but the invisible support was more tangible at the center than all the tangibilities. To contain a sermon or editorial from Mr. Simmons was to make that issue of UNITY notable. But the Editor-in-chief alone knows how much vital energy and spiritual potency found their way from Mr. Simmons into these columns, and through these into the hearts and lives of unnumbered multitudes. That the greatest contributions from this seat of power were not signed by the beloved initials, "H. M. S.," will become aparent to all those who read the pages of this memorial number.

We have not tried to edit these tributes; we had not heart to eliminate a loving sentence or to modify a fervid phrase. The only editing has been made by the inevitable limitations of time and space, and those barriers we have pushed to the outermost limits. No one will regret the reiteration, for it is a Chorus of Love, each voice adding power to the hymn of praise, the tribute of respect.

The most welcome portion of this memorial number of UNITY will of course be the enkindling words of him who being dead yet speaketh. The sermon on "Religious Garb" was selected for this occasion by the home friends and family. It is one of many that deserve to be rescued from the obscurity and oblivion that belong to the current press.

There lies before us as we write a portly scrap-book into which are neatly pasted such sermons, editorials, newspaper communications and comments as the busy man was able to clip as they went during his Minneapolis ministry. After the summons came, while he was setting his house in order, the modest man turned these pages and without note or comment allowed the deprecatory pencil to cross most of the material. But there were some things which even his modesty recognized as containing merit. Among the uncrossed articles are to be noticed addresses on "The Natural in Dante," "Freedom's Orator—Wendell Phillips," "What Tornadoes Teach," "Henry Ward Beecher," funeral address over Senator Timothy O. Howe, "St. Anthony, Patron Saint of Minneapolis," "Social Purity," "Christian Science," etc. A less critical mind would find this scrap-book replete with other material which the world today needs. Indeed there is not a dull page in this big scrap-book, scarcely a page that is not instinct with a message still vital.

We have ventured to present a few extracts from personal letters, for they reveal the vitality, the humor and the cordiality of the man whose conscience and intelligence placed him on the unpopular side of nearly every question. But on account of this, not in spite of it, he was one of the best beloved as well as one of the best known men in his city and state. Away back in 1888 at some sort of state fair tournament, a ballot was cast for the most popular preacher in the state and in the list of sixty-eight ministers balloted for, the name of Henry Simmons led all the rest, so prompt is society, public opinion to the contrary notwithstanding, to recognize merit and to be in love with a loving spirit.

We have no apologies to offer for the seeming tardiness of this memorial number. His name and fame are secure, and there was no need of hurrying. "Don't bother Jones this week; he will be in the midst of his dedication work in Chicago," was the considerate message which the dying man sent to the one who would have the last things to attend to. This was the last note he ever wrote, a few hours before the release came and he joined the larger company of the faithful UNITY circle, the "Old Guard," who stood for the pro-

gressive things in religion, the stationary thing in morals.

How the "cloud of witnesses," the goodly company, assemble around this vanishing face: R. L. Herbert, Judson Fisher, J. L. Dudley, John C. Learned, Henry Doty Maxson, S. S. Hunting, John R. Effinger, Thomas Kerr, T. B. Forbush, Chester Covel, John W. Chadwick and many others. With this goodly company in mind we can but once more exclaim, cheerfully, "Hail! and Farewell!"

Let no one fear for the permanency of his work. It is probable that even in an outward way his ministry will go on triumphing. Already a successor has been chosen to stand in his place in the Minnesota pulpit—the Rev. H. L. Bigelow, pastor of a Congregational church in Cincinnati, Ohio. The prayers and good wishes of UNITY and its readers join with the consecrations of a blessed memory and a great opportunity in making the beginning of this new ministry auspicious. Announcement is already made that at Kenosha, Wisconsin, a memorial church is to be erected to his name at a cost of twenty thousand dollars.

All this justifies the application to Henry Simmons of the words which he spoke on the 27th day of December, 1891, over the casket that contained the body of Henry Doty Maxson:

"This power of spirit to work on after death, strengthens our faith in spirit, and in the loves and hopes with which it is filled. Such a life as Mr. Maxson's is too divine to die, and the love you feel for him is the whisper of a higher law which has produced it and will not be false to it."

"Wherefore, O heart, no longer say
Dust unto dust our own we lay,
Ashes to ashes leave today;
But with a faith set heavenward,
Say, Life to life we have restored,
Spirit to spirit, God to God."

"And love will dream and faith will trust,
Since he who made our love is just
That somehow, somewhere, meet we must."

At the Funeral.

BY REV. MARION D. SHUTTER, OF THE CHURCH OF THE REDEEMER.

There is a legend of one who, drawing near to the confines of this earthly life, saw standing before him a radiant youth. The eyes of the youth were bright and his face was glowing with sunshine. "Who art thou?" asked the passing soul. "I am death!" the smiling youth replied. "I have never heard that death was young and beautiful. Where is your scythe? Where are your rattling bones?" "Listen," said the youth, as he took in his own the hands which had often been open in generosity and never closed save in the clasp of sympathy and friendship—"Listen: Death has a different visage for every one. To the sweet babe, death is the mother's semblance, which softly takes the infant soul to God. To the noble youth, death comes like an honored chieftain, bearing laurel crowns. To the coward, death is, indeed, a monster; but to those brave souls who have led lives of devotion to duty; who have dared to do the right in spite of consequences—though their path has been rough with stones and sharp with thorns—to those high, heroic souls God sends his sweetest angels to bear them to himself. The grave that to others yawns a ghostly pit is to them a rose-strewn couch."

To us who knew and loved the brother who, "after life's fitful fever," lies here in solemn majesty, there can be no doubt that, in the gathering twilight of earth, he met Death in the form of one of the brightest angels of paradise, sent to bear him to his rest and reward in the bosom of God!

For him the victory and glory; for us loss and desolation. He has passed through the gates of life and we linger with tears upon the threshold. These walls that so often echoed his words of wisdom are strangely silent today. The congregations that may come and go will look no more upon his face. The whole community is bereaved and is poorer today in all that makes the highest values, because the places that once knew him shall know him no more. He builded not in things material, and has left no memorial of business enterprise; but it were easier to replace the loss of many a mill or factory than the loss of such a man. We do not underestimate the achievements in all that makes a city outwardly beautiful and prosperous, and of such achievements our city has its full proportions; but to have been the home of such a man as Mr. Simmons is a glory immeasurably greater. He, with his flashing intellect, his ripe scholarship, his broad sympathies, his stainless character, is himself the noblest monument of which we can boast.

For nearly a quarter of a century he stood in his pulpit, a teacher of the highest and clearest truth. Absolutely frank and honest, playing no tricks upon his own intelligence, no false note was ever sounded. The voice of authority in high places weighed with him no more than the clamors of the crowd; for he carried authority within himself. He had it in his peerless reason and in his deep religious instincts, unerring as the stars in their courses. The truth as he saw it he would not modify "in the estimation of a hair" for any consideration. If the highest position in church or state had been offered him to shade or trim a single statement he would have rejected it. How he hated cant and pretense! In the pulpit he held men by the force of his genius—despising all cheap and vulgar sensationalism and vapid exhortation. A thinker himself, he spoke to those who were willing to think. I have often said that had I been a layman I should have chosen to sit at his feet. Never have I listened to one of his addresses or sermons without being exalted by the nobility of its thought and charmed by the beauty of its expression. And how marvelous was that gift of expression—combining the precision of science with the imagination of poetry; the laws of the universe set to music.

While the intellect dominated his preaching, he was most profoundly reverent. The most illustrious saint was not more deeply spiritual. Denying old definitions and traditions of Christ, no man had more tenderly caught the spirit of the Nazarene. No one illustrated more splendidly in all the relations of life the gospel of love. No one ever lived closer to God or cherished clearer hopes of immortality. If to those who did not understand there seemed at times an element of denial in his preaching, it was only because in the presence of his larger affirmations the narrower dogmas were lost to sight. The single sunbeam that steals through a crack in some dungeon and that has comforted the captive there, may well seem lost when the dungeon is destroyed and every place is flooded with the glory of the sun. To those who had caught but a single ray of truth it sometimes seemed that the ray was lost when Mr. Simmons affirmed the universality of light. So his re-

ligion was deep as that of old time and wide as the universe of today.

We all knew and mourned the walls of separation that isolated him from the world. Barriers shut him out from the life about him in the community, they shut him up in his library to the companionship of the elect spirits of all ages. Thus he became at home in all fields of thought, in every realm of nature and art. His very recreations would have proved the serious work of many another man. He walked with Homer and talked with Socrates and Paul. He traversed with Dante the world unseen. With Darwin and Huxley, the high priests of nature, he penetrated the secrets of the universe. When the curtain of silence fell his inner ear was opened to the strains of Milton and Shakespeare and all the sphere of poetic melody. And yet no one was more alive to the world and to all its passing interests. He knew the trend of the times, the theme of the day, the deeds of the hour, and sought to apply to them all the principles of righteousness and judgments of conscience.

But supreme over all the brilliancy of his intellect, the wealth of attainments, rose the pure and flawless character, chiseled by the sculptors of pain and loneliness and sorrow, into a statue of white marble, that bore so many of the features of his own Great Master, so many lineaments divine. There the angels of patience and charity and unselfishness set their eternal seals. And then—the last great struggle; the gentlest are the bravest. Throughout that hopeless battle with disease the quality and temper of his soul were tried to the utmost. When you would learn heroism go not where men are striving for the admiration of the world; go not to the fields of courage where they vie with each other for blood-stained laurels. Go to the silent chambers, where within four walls, out of sight of the world—where the conflict and courage will never be reported and applauded—the strong but serene man struggles with his relentless foe. And so, in his death, our friend has taught us, as well as by his life and words. We shall remember the lessons of his truth, the message of his ministry, but we shall remember them now and forever all the more because they are consecrated by the martyrdom and tragedy of his death.

Mr. Simmons himself was the best proof of his own immortality. We do not pause to question; that which made what we knew and loved has never died and cannot. "He is not here but is risen," said the angels in the story of the resurrection. He was not in the grave. The sepulcher of Joseph had blossomed and the spirit of Jesus hovered upon the air of the first Easter. In every tomb the angels linger. They bring us today this message concerning our brother: "He is not here but is risen." He is not here in the casket; not here among the flowers that loving hands have wreathed about his body. He is risen—to honor and glory and immortality.

BY REV. RICHARD BOYNTON OF UNITY CHURCH, ST. PAUL.

All that can be hoped for at a time like this is that some hint or suggestion may be dropped that will bring our friend to mind as he was in his real self. There can be no elaboration here of a finished portrait; only the few hurried touches that come sometimes, however, even near to the life.

The word that haunts my mind in connection with Mr. Simmons is "sunlit"—a sunlit soul. We often speak of a sunny nature, meaning one bright and cheerful on the surface but with no depth beneath. Such our friend emphatically was not. His nature had its deeps, but they, too, held the sunlight, with which the whole was shot through and through. He seldom let you see far down, but when the life below the surface opened for a moment in talk or in discourse you saw that its depths were like submarine vistas, translucent with the same light that saturated his being.

How he loved the actual sunshine and the "perpetual miracle" that it works—the world of nature out of doors! We shall have to reverse Wordsworth's doleful line and say that nothing he saw in nature was not his. Much of the life about us he knew with the scientist's detailed knowledge. Botany was one of his chief delights. I recall the joy with which his keen glance fastened upon a rare orchid by the shore of one of our nearby lakes; and how on the same day he took home for microscopic examination some green scum—as it seemed to me—from a rain barrel, and declared that the tiny plant was better worth study than the book of metaphysics I was reading.

All who knew him came to look for the constant sparkle of his wit. That, too, was of the sunshine, striking with a kindly glint upon the various surfaces of life and shooting to the depths never to hurt but always to heal. He was so sunny because he was sane. The essence of sanity is in seeing things in their right relations. That Mr. Simmons consistently did. He had his trials and found the world going for him far otherwise in some respects than he would have asked. But he wove no "spotted life of shreds and patches"; rather his soul was early ravished by that divine unity in things of which Emerson speaks. He never lost that vision. The most that any of us ever saw of depression in him was like the momentary lifting of a cloud as his greeting flashed the full sunshine of his nature upon us. And it kept shining to the end. When I was last privileged to see him, some ten days ago, there was no sign that his wonderful brightness had begun to dim.

To keep sane as he did argues rare poise, unselfishness and courage. Not many, perhaps, thought of Mr. Simmons as a man of spiritual faith. But that he supremely was. He had a faith by which he lived and died, though it might to some have seemed meager for either purpose. His attitude toward religious dogmas was as openly and unsparingly critical as toward natural phenomena. He blinked no difficulties and lost himself in no fogs of mystical feeling. The sunshine in him scattered far all the miasmas of the traditional theology. Yet his attitude towards life can only be described as one of faith.

He believed in himself, he believed in other men, he believed in nature, and he believed in God. We hear it commonly alleged that science is destructive of spirituality, but what it destroys is superstition. Not a shred of that hung about this man anywhere. But religion he had to the full. If you are in doubt of this read his "New Tables of Stone," which one has rightly called "A revelation of spiritual insight as sweet and fine as ever saw the light." We must regret now that he published so little. But this one book had distilled into it the sweetness and fineness of his beautiful years. It will live; if not forever, at least, as I believe, very long. Not to speak of its high and wide scholarship, I know of no nobler product of the best spirit of our day in religion.

Mr. Simmons' ethics were those of Jesus, enlarged by the experience of the last nineteen centuries; and what he taught he lived. His wisdom was that which is from above: "First, pure, then peaceable, gentle, easy to be entreated, full of mercy and good fruits,

without variance, without hypocrisy." Modest and self-forgetting to a fault, he was yet unflinching in his faithfulness to principles. He would above all things have had us shun exaggeration here today. But shall we not say—if it is true, as he delighted in quoting Father Taylor, that "millions" have been as good as Jesus—that he was one? He took Jesus and Christianity in no limited but a broad human sense. He would not have cared, perhaps, to be praised for his Christianity but would have rather said, "Write me down as one who loved his fellow-men."

Because he loved so widely and so sanely, in spite of his unusually secluded life, many loved him in return.

Some brightness has gone out of life for such of us as knew him, that cannot now come back. Let us not doubt that that sunlit soul has sped upward to its source and still somewhere is shining on undimmed. Here, in our hearts,

> "Thanks be to God that such have been
> Although they are no more—

for surely, "The fruit of righteousness is shown in peace for them that make peace."

Substance and Revision of an Address at the Simmons Memorial Meeting Held in Mr. Simmons' Church, Minneapolis.

By W. C. Gannett.

I wonder if he may not be listening—and at last *hearing* us! And how natural it would be for him were he visibly hearing, to turn round to Jones and ask, "Whom are they talking about?" He would never recognize himself in these memorial words.

Of which not many from me. Only Mr. Jones can tell such stories of him as you have heard; none but he, I think, knew Henry Simmons in this intimate way, —unless it be some of yourselves who have been calling him during the nearly twenty-five years, "Our minister." To be minister anywhere for twenty-five years to one people is in itself coronation. It is assurance that a man has remarkable qualities. Mental power, scholarship, dignified presence must be his, or the twenty-five years would be apt to cease at the five. He must have deep, central convictions, essential faiths, spiritual insight and accent; for no people could be fed so long otherwise. But to be a *Liberal* minister of one parish during twenty-five years implies possession of two other qualities. One is great independence of mind. A man must see with his own eyes, distinguish with his own faculties, weigh with his own judgment, to stay on talking Sunday after Sunday to one set of liberal minds. And to power to see he must join power to effectively tell. "Prophet" is the name we heard just now applied to your minister, and the best definition of prophet is "spokesman." Spokesman for whom? Spokesman for what? Spokesman for what we call "God"; spokesman for the ideal; one never shrinking to utter his inmost seasoned convictions of right. Both Seer and Prophet, then,—these he must be. Yet one thing more: if it so happen that our Liberal minister's twenty-five years have been these *last* twenty-five, when a new universe has been unrolling before our startled eyes, when in our ears has resounded as never before the music of the spheres, then that minister must have been a clear and able interpreter of the universe in terms of the spirit; for otherwise his people would have been likely to tire of him and his message in half that length of time. All this was Henry Simmons, your minister.

Not the whole of him: now add the *man himself*. Three qualities of his stand out, as I knew him and shall think of him now. The first, his *modesty*. I was once among his companions on a long ride among the Wisconsin hills. There were two wagon-loads of us. Through the journey of four or five days Simmons was the interpreter of the waysides to us; he christened all the flowers for us, re-christening them till we also learned them; he was our genial dictionary of Nature; he brightened the gloom of a cloudy day with his humor. When they were over, those happy days, he wrote to one of us expressing regret that he had been such a drawback and wet blanket on the spirits of the crowd! This man who had been so much of its life. His modesty certainly kept him from his due of recognition. We wish now that he had been coaxed to print more. One little book years ago, "The More Wonderful Genesis"; one more the other day, "New Tables of Stone"; and a few pamphlets,—that is all, I believe, save what the newspapers caught. It was too little, even if what he has given us thus be the expressed essence of years of the testimony uttered to you. Had your minister lived in New England, he would have had name, fame and welcome in wide Liberal circles.

The second quality was his supreme *patience*,—and I have known many patient people. He was one of my heroes of that quality. Years ago in our church at St. Paul I remember listening to an address by Mr. Simmons. By my side a woman sat. I don't know what the sermon was about, but I remember her comment on the man who preached it: "What patience there is in his eyes!" How often you must have thought that, if you watched his face on a Sunday morning! Eyes of trained endurance. Oh, indeed he had long training in that patience. The woe of a stifled or baffled sense is not in any pain; it is in the loss of communication with one's kind. If we are blind, we lose the light of the face. If we are deaf, we lose the wing of words between mind and mind. The loss goes to the roots of life; it runs through the centers of being; you lose your *communications!* But he was brave through it all. No wonder the eyes looked patient with so many years of the training. He *felt* it,—now and then some word would attest how much he felt the loss. I remember a summer when two of our men were going to Europe for vacation, and I wrote him about it, asking, "Simmons, why don't you go with them?" Back came a postal,—"A deaf man's heaven holds only two, and hell comes with the third party, whoever he may be." He knew too well the woe of the third man. There could be communication between two; but if three, the deaf one must—think. He felt it, yes; but did you ever hear him complain? I never did.

For the third quality in which Henry Simmons lives for me is his sweet *cheer*. He had much more than patience; against that dark background of deprivation I see always the smile of his cheer. He played with his shadow; made his loss a matter of joke as well as philosophy, congratulating himself over it, commiserating those who heard so much that he happily escaped, and watching life from his cell window with humorous eyes. I think he must have acquired part of his wise charity for men from the very fact that he had all the time to make allowances—allowances for the things he could not hear.

Now when you find modesty, patience and sweet cheer together, all in high measure, you find a man near the ideal.

To you, his people, he must have counted more as an intellectual than an emotional force, if I knew him aright. He lacked the mystic element. "So much the better," say some. I think he himself knew and re-

gretted the lack; but said to himself, "Let each be true to his make." He loved the Fact without its atmosphere; but then he saw more glory *in* the Fact than most of us. His very style told the story,—there was metallic tinkle in it, as there was in his voice. As you read his book do you not hear his voice in the sentences? I do. He has one peculiarity in his style that I never have seen equaled. It is the cumulative effect with which he was wont to build up an argument. His statement pinnacles as it widens. He quietly starts on the lowest story where all will agree with him; then, with an "and" and a quaint turn, winds up to a second, third, and a fourth, the horizon opening as he ascends, till at the top he has you looking at his own landscape and wondering, "How can anyone fail to accept this point of view, heresy or not!" Humor is ever lurking in the recesses of his phrase. And little as he was of the mystic, he had much of the poet, after all. A poet is a man with a gift of second sight,—one who sees a thing and an idea beyond, of which the thing becomes symbol. Stars for stars' sake, flowers for flowers' sake, to him,—but then we all know how in his "New Tables of Stone" the very titles turn Nature into parables also.

Mr. Jones named another friend who left us only six months ago,—John Chadwick. They are well named together. They were ministers and scholars together; seers of, and spokesmen for, the beautiful and the good, together. Each stood in his place, one in the east and one in the west, and spoke truths, close akin, of man and of God. Prophets together. Manly men together. Had both lived in the west, or both in the east together, they would have delighted in each other.

Not long ago a friend who visited Mr. Simmons in one of his last weeks wrote me, "We found him sleeping among his books." Among his books! That is one of the ways we shall think of him. If he could not commune with those we call living, he held high intercourse with the living dead. These were the friends of his solitude; some of the ancients of earth and the greatest, his familiars. There among his books, while he had the strength to bend over them, we could find him; and when his strength became weakness, still he lay sleeping among them. Mr. Jones says there are few of the old comrades left; but these, the oldest, did not desert him. They stood in their ranks by his side, silently welcoming him to the silence.

Your church has had a very unique consecration. We have just come from the dedication of Mr. Jones' noble new church in Chicago. The service is the *re*-dedication of yours. Through the years you have met here before your minister's face, he has been steadily consecrating this building with his high thought and faith. But all churches know, or should know, such consecration continuous as that. But he has left his *life* in the building. He lived out his modesty, his patience, his gentle cheer, within these very walls. And now in that little chamber yonder where he lived thus, he has died. He has left his life in the building. This is the day of re-dedication for your church!

Every spring, from fields so lately frozen hard as primitive rock, the Spirit of Life again, as on that "third day," calls forth the grass, and through every summer "the herb yielding seed." Through the winter beneath the snow, and through centuries beneath the soil, these wondrous seeds are safely held in the Divine Hand waiting their resurrection. The old order, "Let the earth bring forth," is still spoken in every drop of water and grain of dust, is still obeyed in every tree of the forest and blade of the field.

Mr. Simmons in Kenosha.

BY REV. FLORENCE BUCK.

In this thriving manufacturing town, Kenosha, much altered in size and character since the days when Henry M. Simmons lived here, there still remains a distinct impression of his ministry, a ministry that ended for this community more than twenty-five years ago. It began with the opening of the year, Jan. 1, 1871; but Mr. Simmons came not as a stranger. He had a few years before been principal of the High School, and is still remembered with affection by many prominent citizens who were his pupils. At the beginning of his ministry, his church was an outcast among the other religious denominations. There was much antagonism toward the Unitarian church and faith, and more of that ignorance of it from which opposition springs. He soon changed the atmosphere. Ere the eight years of his ministry here closed, his church and its minister had a recognized place in the community. Addresses which he delivered on Memorial Day and the Fourth of July still receive occasional appreciative mention from those who heard them.

There were many, it is true, who failed to understand his message of the religion revealed through the marvels of the universe, the gospel written on the "new tables of stone." Those who wished to scorn and revile called his sermons "scientific lectures with no religion in them." But his own people knew their worth, and found them true revealers and interpreters of the Word of God long before they reached the wider recognition and approval which publication brought. So distinctive was his message that any sermon presenting the marvels of earth or sky which has been delivered in the church since his day, is spoken of with approval as "just the sort of sermon that Mr. Simmons used to preach."

One hears, too, from the treasured memories of his work here, of startling and thought-provoking utterances concerning modern life, the ethics of man's dealings with his neighbor in society as it exists today. Whatever Mr. Simmons may have named it, one of his sermons delivered here in the regular course of his ministry is still spoken of as "the one on the Sunday train." His hearers recall the scorn with which he spoke of the rich man, working his coachman and horses all day Sunday for his own pleasure and then deploring the Sunday street-car or railway train, "the poor man's carriage," as a desecration of the sacred day. "God bless the Sunday train," declared this preacher of practical righteousness. By this utterance he shocked the Sabbatarians, just as did Jesus those of his time; but he was preaching, as Jesus did, the gospel of the Sabbath as made for men.

On another occasion he held his congregation enthralled with the account of a life devoted to liberty, the story of the work of a patriot and the message of a liberal thinker; and few of his hearers knew till his closing sentence revealed it, that he had been speaking of Thomas Paine. Whoever has heard Mr. Simmons preach will understand the expression which is here often on the lips of the common people concerning the force of his message: "Somehow, it was the way he said it!"

His church ministered in various ways to the needs of the community. The first public library here was one established in his church, and the building was open for the circulation of books during long years when the pulpit was vacant. In time, those same volumes found wider service; and many a book still goes out

from the Gilbert M. Simmons Public Library bearing the inscription inside its cover, "From the library of the First Unitarian Church of Kenosha." It is worthy also of mention that our beautiful library building and a large endowment for the purchase of books is the gift to this city of Mr. Z. G. Simmons, who was, during the ministry of Henry M. Simmons, as he is now, a member, a constant attendant, and a liberal contributor toward the expenses of the Unitarian Church of Kenosha.

That more of the details of Mr. Simmons' ministry here cannot be given is partly due to the accidental destruction of the early records of the church. It is due even more to the fact that his work was essentially that of the prophet. There was little organization and no "church activities" during the years of his work here. When it closed, Feb. 23, 1879, by his acceptance of a call to the church at Madison, the one thing that had held together his congregation was withdrawn. Various causes conspired to make difficult the task of choosing a minister for the pulpit he had so ably filled. In the end the attempt resulted in the closing of the church building which, save for occasional services, was not again for twenty years in use as the home of a religious organization. The present minister is Mr. Simmons' successor in office.

Yet so marked was the influence of his life and work that evidences of it abound on all sides. More than fifteen years after he went away, an evangelist attributed his failure to work up an "old-fashioned revival" in Kenosha to the fact that a Unitarian church had once existed here and the community was permeated with its teachings.

Another congregation has had Mr. Simmons' ministry and service during many years, when his thought was mature, his ability recognized, his place in our ministry established. Here, where he first preached to a liberal church, are still to be found his relatives, his parishioners, and the wider circle of his friends, who, in the days when he was but little known, appreciated his ministry and loved and honored the man; who treasured his message and have recently re-established and re-opened the church where it was delivered; and who revere his memory and mourn his loss.

Mrs. Wm. F. Allen at the Memorial Meeting, Madison, Wis.

Long ago, in the sixties, I was a parishioner of Samuel J. May, of Syracuse, N. Y., a man who has left the stamp of his personality on many lives. There I often heard him speak of a young man in whom he was much interested, a certain Henry M. Simmons, then a Presbyterian minister in one of the adjoining towns. At this time Mr. Simmons was beginning to question his orthodox belief, and Mr. May was aiding him by counsel and encouragement. As I remember, he spoke of Mr. Simmons as essentially liberal in his thought and true to his convictions. He said, "He is brave and loyal, he never will remain where he is unless he can do it honestly." He did not remain, and later, in the seventies, we heard again of him as the Unitarian minister at Kenosha, Wisconsin.

At this time our Unitarian church at Madison had been dead many years. A number of liberals thought the time was ripe for a new movement. Aided by Jenkin Lloyd Jones a conference was called in the capitol. The result was astonishing to us all. The assembly chamber was full, to listen to such men as Jones, Gordon, Herbert, Forbush and Brooke Herford. But among them all, the one who carried with him the whole assembly, was Henry M. Simmons. A few of us gathering after the meetings decided that with him a liberal church would be a success. Though his Kenosha congregation raised every objection we convinced Mr. Simmons of the wider field for usefulness and he came to us.

We had no church building, but the Jews kindly lent us their synagogue, we attending to its repairs, and there under the blue sky and the stars, a ceiling which I remember Mr. Simmons always appreciated, he preached for three years, and built up a little church. It was a most loyal, united assembly, each one ready to aid in every possible way, for Mr. Simmons had a rare power of constructive work, a feeling of personal sympathy and appreciation for each one, and a power for bringing out the best in every nature.

His preaching was not of the controversial type, found among so many recent converts to any belief; he dwelt rather on the inspiration of rational faith, on the love and wisdom and spirit of God that are ever present around us, and on the high ideals of manhood and womanhood. He filled us with firmer resolves and higher, brighter hopes.

One day I well remember, he preached of a man he had known, and the good he wrought by his far-reaching influence, even among those who at first were by no means friendly. Then he told how much he personally owed to that man. At the end he gave us his name, Samuel J. May. Mr. Simmons' sermons on the workings of nature I especially remember. You of that old congregation who are still here doubtless remember with me the sermons of the Unending Genesis, and those of crystallization and the snow, so full of the wonder and power of the forces that guide this great universe. Nature spoke as clearly to him as it did to Emerson. The merest lichen on the rocks or the tiniest flower filled him with great thoughts. I remember well the last time he stayed at our house, his telling me that he had been so long deaf that he had forgotten the sound of the robin's song. I thought then and I think now that the robin's song he had heard in the long ago had been so full of meaning to him that it never could be taken out of his life.

This deprivation of hearing had not in the least diminished his living interest in the world, and the last evening he passed with me, when he came down from Minneapolis to preach for us the sermon of our twentieth anniversary, he spent in eager questions about all the Madison friends of the years gone by, till my answers covered fully twenty pages, for writing was the only way in which one could answer his questions with any fullness. The shorter answers he could make out from lip reading. I believe if it had not been for this deafness the power which he held over his own people would have extended over a much wider field, and he would have become an acknowledged leader among all liberals.

When he came before us to preach the anniversary sermon it seemed as if he saw before him as in a vision the faces that used to be in that old synagogue, and tenderly and beautifully he brought them before us, in words of warm personal feeling. Under all circumstances, however hard, he kept his serenity and his hopeful vision. His faith was not a faith of words, but a faith embodied in his every-day life, strong, cheerful and hopeful. The darker the cloud the more need of sunshine within. It seems to me that must have been the maxim of his daily life. And it was so even to the end, absolute cheerfulness, serenity and noble courage, setting aside all suffering lightly. One

of his last acts was to send a God-speed to his dear friend Jenkin Lloyd Jones, on the opening of his new church in Chicago.

To him the step into the next world was no more momentous than the step from one day to another. He had lived in harmony with the universal laws of truth and right, and would be as much at home there as here, and we can only think with joy of the time when

"Heaven flashed round him joys beyond his asking,
And his young soul gladdened into bloom."

Memorial Address Given by Rev. W. D. Simonds in the First Unitarian Church, Seattle, Wash.

HENRY MARTYN SIMMONS.

Some are born great, some achieve greatness, and some have greatness thrust upon them, so runs Shakespeare's familiar line. With accurate definition of greatness the saying is not true. No man is born great, and it is not possible to thrust greatness upon any one. Some, indeed, achieve greatness, but these are few, and they are often unknown to fame. Nothing can be truer than the philosopher's saying that "the world knows nothing of its greatest men."

A certain order and kind of greatness compels attention and commands admiration. The self-reliant, self-assertive man, gifted beyond his fellows, literally "pushes to the front," and we do homage to the "I Am" which demands recognition.

But there are others, sons of genius and of God, modest as great, great as modest, who never call for public approval, never even betray consciousness of unusual ability—men the blundering world discovers—if at all—long after they are dead. It will not seem an exaggeration to those who knew Henry Martyn Simmons to assert that in certain clearly defined efforts to base religion on the natural and the normal, upon the universal and the eternal, this man touched greatness, while in character few were so great or lovable.

Scores of clergymen—many of his own denomination—were more widely known, hundreds of ministers in the United States have received far more newspaper comment, but most ministers of sense felt humble in the presence of this man, in contemplation of what he had done in face of difficulties and under burdens almost too great for human endurance.

When Mr. Simmons confronted his life work the foremost question of the time was, "How is the old faith related to the new science?" Is it possible for enlightened and sincere men to believe in God, or a moral order, or in the life beyond? Evolution brought the Christian religion and the Christian ministry to judgment, and each man went to his own place. Most were silent, clinging to the dear old doctrines. Many glibly undertook, with little study and less thought, to "reconcile religion and science." A few with patient courage manfully faced this greatest problem of the last century, and in toil and tears laid the foundation of man's new temple of faith. An honored place among these pioneers of the religion of science, of the religion of "things as they are"—in other words, of a religion rational, progressive, free and fraternal—was assuredly won by the modest man of whom I speak today. Nor is the value of that work lessened by the fact that we are now more intent upon the relation of religion to the practical problems of life than to any other question whatsoever. Religion is of little value to the individual or to society unless it can command confidence as the veritable truth of God written in nature and in the soul of man. To rescue religion from myth and miracle, from fable and fiction, that it might become the bread of life and the water of life to a restless age was, and is, a work not to set aside for any kind of sociological tinkering with political and municipal conditions, as though the chief end of man was to enjoy earth's bounty for a few uncertain years. There is something more for a minister to do than to "keep busy" furthering so-called practical reform, and that "something more," that divine mission to the spiritual nature of man was never wanting in the faithful ministry of him whose loss we all deplore; or shall I say in whose release we all rejoice?

Quite unequaled in skill and thoroughness was Mr. Simmons in the religious interpretation of nature. Given but a tiny crystal, a snowflake falling in his path, or an autumn leaf, and from these he would preach a better sermon and teach a nobler lesson than most men find on all the pages of an infallible Bible. How in those two little books, "The Unending Genesis" and "New Tables of Stone" he leads us along the cathedral aisles of nature and shows us on every hand miracles of wisdom and love surpassing those of ancient scripture, until we reverently say, "Here, also, is a revelation of God through the mind of a master." He knew and did unfold to men the Lord's gospel of the trees, the message of mountain and sea, the deep meaning of Tennyson's "flower in the crannied wall," and even the wayside weed became a symbol of universal benevolence. He traced the "cosmic roots of love" with John Fiske through all grades of human and animal life, and then calmly added, "But surely they reach lower than that." Through bird and insect life back in old Jurassic swamp and Devonian seas, in the marriage of atoms, in the "elective affinity of differing cells," he saw prophetic token of the love that unites us in home, and church, and state.

I think I shall never forget the first address I heard from the lips of this gifted preacher of God's Newest Testament. Never have I heard any one, and it has been my privilege to listen to many of the best thinkers of our time—who worked his way so patiently, so unerringly, to the very heart of the subject in hand and placed every phase of it in right relation to the whole, and that whole in right relation to all of truth and duty. To follow all this was a kind of intellectual delight not often experienced by the weary student. And in the higher quality of spiritual insight perhaps no man in the liberal pulpit surpassed Henry M. Simmons.

Excellent as was his work, some of you who knew and loved him are thinking—but O! the man—tell us of him; the character, portray that. Here I must bid you await the words of those who knew him, as I did not. Long and loving association alone justify confident portrayal of character. As one of Mr. Simmons' successors in the Madison (Wis.) Church, as a fellow worker in the Middle West, as one who met him where men measure one another without conscious prejudice, I give my judgment.

He was first of all a seeker after light. He knew that knowledge is the only teacher and truth the only savior. With Shakespeare he would have said, "There is no darkness but ignorance." This love of light, of truth, led him from the church in which he had been reared and from the ministry for which he had laboriously prepared, to find such home as he might in a new and strange denomination. And let no one imagine that it is a light thing, or easy, to break with the church of one's childhood, to part company with father, and mother, and friends, and go out alone into a far country of the soul—in obedi-

ence to conscience. It is ever an heroic hour when the man within bids us follow truth wherever truth may lead. But how rich the reward. Our brother left the safe, sure, comfortable, established, eminently respectable position and found life in poverty and joy in humble ministration to lowly but truth-loving people.

Mr. Simmons was a lover of light, too, in that he sought ever the brightness, the sunshine of life. He turned as naturally from gloom as one of the flowers he loved from the shadow. Heavily burdened, a son of affliction, imprisoned in pathetic silence, he sought and found the secret of peace. He made life abundantly worth living in cheerful service of his fellow men. He met sorrow bravely and so changed his own anguish into sweet music wherewith to comfort many hearts.

I have sometimes tried to think what it must mean to be shut out for thirty years from the world of melody. Never to hear the voice of friendship, or of love—save as some far off, unnatural sound. Wise and gracious the spirit that can trace through such an affliction the law of compensation, and then turn cheerfully to other sources of pleasure.

A little incident illustrates Mr. Simmons' constant habit. One Sunday afternoon, years ago, he and I were announced to speak at the Tower Hill Summer School. Mr. Simmons spoke first. That we all enjoyed his message goes without saying. I followed, glad indeed that our subjects were so unlike as not to provoke comparison. During my address Mr. Simmons sat directly in front of the platform, apparently following my words with intelligent interest. At the close he remarked, with that sunny smile his friends remember, "I could not hear a word you said, but I did enjoy your manner and gestures." Far more than a mere compliment this. It illustrates his constant habit of mind. Unable to hear, he trained himself to see, until that sense led him into a kingdom so vast and splendid that with every faculty at our command we might almost envy our afflicted brother.

Again Mr. Simmons was a lover and defender of liberty. He paid whatever price was demanded for perfect liberty of thought and speech. He knew that liberty was above price, for without liberty all other gifts and powers are but instruments of wrong and error. His pulpit was a free pulpit. Scholarly, sincere, strong—a man whose opinions all men knew—he well maintained the untrammeled liberty of our Unitarian ministry. All foolish criticisms of the ultra radical that the Unitarian is not quite free become ridiculous when we remember that John Chadwick and Henry M. Simmons lived and died in the service of Unitarian churches. Open to criticism in various directions, of one thing we are guiltless: we throw not the slightest fetter upon the intellect. Unitarianism and absolute mental liberty are synonomous terms. To have reached this first among religious organizations is our special contribution to religious progress. Others will follow.

But better yet, Mr. Simmons was independent in the face of his own congregation, and held steadily to principle in the midst of popular clamor. When the Spanish war came and ministers who preach peace sermons in time of unbroken calm, but clamor for war when war is on, joined with an irresponsible press to inflame the public mind, a clear strong voice in the Northwest condemned, as ever, that folly and crime called war. When America forgot—as he believed—her own Declaration of Independence in the subjugation of a weaker race, no cry of "politics in the pulpit" intimidated this manly man, but Sunday after Sunday he condemned imperialism as though he had been to that special task ordained. A preacher of righteousness who hewed to the line, we do well to accord him now the honest praise which perhaps some of us withheld while he lived.

Where there is so much to admire, this I honor most—the patient, I had almost said pathetic, courage with which he faced a heavily clouded path, and the serenity of faith in which he held his way to the end. Here is a heroism to which the heated conflict of the battlefield affords no parallel. Wounded where the wound was sorest, he uttered no complaint against God or man but marched cheerfully on, doing day's works in the world. The multitude never knew that the quiet scholar was one of earth's noblemen. He did not know himself how large a place he filled in the hearts of his friends. A closing incident, precious to memory now, shows the hold Mr. Simmons had upon those who knew his worth and who delighted in his preaching. It was my privilege to afford Mr. Simmons one of the happiest experiences of his later years. During my ministry in Madison, as the twentieth anniversary of the founding of the church neared we decided upon a fitting celebration of what we thought a noteworthy history. That for the space of twenty years a liberal church had maintained itself, affecting the development of what John Ireland called the "Athens of the Northwest," appealing ever more clearly to the religion of liberty and love, seemed worthy of appropriate commemoration. Mr. Simmons, if not the founder, was one of the earliest ministers of the church, and our minds turned to him as the one minister we all desired to hear in the "anniversary sermon." I wrote him our wishes. He replied with accustomed modesty, that he had been away from Madison so long that only a few would care to hear him, and advised us to secure some more popular preacher. We replied at once that he was first and only choice. So assured he came. The church was crowded to the doors. He gave us that sermon, now somewhat modified as the first essay in "New Tables of Stone." From the beginning the congregation was responsive, and Mr. Simmons was in happiest mood. That wonderful snowflake seemed more the evangel of God than ever. Solemnly beautiful were these closing words, spoken with unusual tenderness.

"Whether soaring invisible in the blue sky, or sinking in earth or sea, it is still alive, and, like Shelley's 'Cloud' it mocks the thought of death and sings its own survival:

" 'I am the daughter of earth and water,
And the nursling of the sky;
I pass through the pores of the ocean and shores;
I change, but I cannot die.

" 'I silently laugh at my own cenotaph,
And out of the caverns of rain,
Like a child from the womb, like a ghost from the tomb,
I rise and upbuild it again.' "

"So does even the winter story seem a smile from heaven. It is a revelation, bringing not only tables of law, but psalms of beauty, prophecies of life, and whispers of love underlying all law and infolding all life."

These are the last words that I ever heard my brother give from the pulpit. I would not have it otherwise.

Roadside Companionship.*

IN MEMORIAM: HENRY M. SIMMONS.

A SERMON PREACHED BY JENKIN LLOYD JONES TO ALL SOULS CHURCH IN THE ABRAHAM LINCOLN CENTRE, CHICAGO, SEPTEMBER 24, 1905.

> Mark the perfect man, and behold the upright;
> For there is a happy end to the man of peace.
> —Ps. xxxvii:37.

It has ever been my custom to bring to this pulpit at the beginning of another season's work a message found in my summer's outing—some "bit of wayside gospel" found under the trees, on the roadside or among the hills of Wisconsin.

This year as ever, the grasses, mosses and ferns, the evening primrose, gentian and goldenrod, the rain and sunshine, river and cloud, cows and birds, little children and old men, the cradle and the grave, have spoken to me words of warning and of inspiration and begged of me to pass their message along to the weary and wandering, the careless and the earnest. But there was something missing. The flower waited for its interpreter; the trees, the streams and the stars seemed to miss the presence of one who made the companionship complete.

In previous years I have celebrated on this occasion the "silent companionship" of a horse, the cheerful message of even the dead tree, the flowing river and the weird voices of the night that awaken echoes in the mystic chambers of the soul. How much more, then, should I at this time speak of the human companion of the roadside and how fitting that my companion who, through almost a generation of time, shared my mid-summer joys and inspirations, should speak for me my after-vacation message, though his tongue be silenced forever.

Thirty-five years ago last June I began my public work as a minister in the beautiful little suburb of Winnetka. One of the earliest calls I received from a brother minister was from one who had but recently taken up his work a little way up the road at Kenosha. The hand then extended was never withdrawn; I then and there discovered a brother who never disappointed me, and he has since delighted in the confession that I "had turned out better than he expected." For over a quarter of a century this friend and I were wont to spend more or less of our summer outings together. Together we walked through the dense pineries of northern Wisconsin; together we drove through the ample prairies of central Wisconsin; together we rode horseback up and down the beautiful hills and valleys that border the Wisconsin river; together we floated and rowed on that river to its mouth; together we strung the four lakes of Madison on our canoe string; together we spent weeks under the trees at Tower Hill. We broke over the barriers of deaf ears and communed over books, men and events, and, as mood or occasion required, lapsed into the silences and the quiet that were emphasized and not disturbed by one another's presence. In all these wanderings I never found a limit to his grace or an end to his cheer. So far as I know, never did one tire of the other. The scholar and the friend were in him so blended that the wide and exact learning that was his was freely offered as the Attic salt to season the common meal and enrich the daily companionship.

*This sermon contains also the substance of the memorial addresses given by Mr. Jones at Minneapolis, Kenosha and Tower Hill.

The first characteristic of my friend as a vacation companion was that he was greatly enamored of God's out-of-doors. He loved things and sought their inner meanings. In the early days of our contact he was seldom seen without Gray's Manual, which I used to call his "Bible," under his arm. It was not quite that, but it was the Commentary on certain chapters in God's book of Revelation, of which he never wearied. His Manual and his lens were to him helps to the understanding of the wayside texts. Probably no man of the university was more familiar with the flower and tree life of the territory he haunted than was my friend. Everything from the scum on the wayside pool to the sand burr on the hill was revelation to him.

My friend was dull of ear but alert of eye. I remember the spot where, many years ago, late in the evening, returning home from a long horseback itinerary of one hundred and fifty miles or more, as the horses were eagerly swinging along with supper and rest in mind, he suddenly pulled up his galloping broncho, saying, "Go on; I will be with you soon," turned back, dismounted, gathered the flower, overtook me joyfully and said, "I have found it; I have been looking for this for months; the first I have seen in this state." It was characteristic of the mind that was so alert that he caught things on the fly and brought home a rare flower as, in coarser days, less valiant knights brought home trophies of the battlefield.

I remember how, on the same itinerary, he was anxious to re-arrange the route and add forty miles or more to the circuit that we might spend another night with the apple-man who so interested him with the lore of the orchard.

Away up in the northern pines of Wisconsin he stirred the enthusiasm of the Irish settler of the clearings who had given us a drink out of his well, by showing under his lens the seed of a troublesome weed that disgraced his garden. "Come, Jimmy; come and see what the gentleman has!" said the immigrant to his boy. "He has a glass that makes these bits of seed look as big as beans and as pretty as birds' eggs. What a pity your sister is not here!" How through after years my friend rejoiced in the enthusiasm of that backwoodsman; he spoke of him often as the type of the true student; the man who was still capable of a sensation, whose mind was open to new wonders and heart was susceptible to fresh emotions.

My friend was no out-of-door sentimentalist; no mere worshiper of flowers. He realized that this world has other business on hand than growing bouquets. Once in a rowing excursion down the Wisconsin we were driven ashore by a terrific storm. The two or three houses left to mark the site of a more than "deserted village" refusing us hospitality, we had to push on to the nearest town, three miles distant. The storm arose to such dignity that it became memorable. That night bridges were swept away; sheep and pigs were drowned; stack-yards floated off; sidewalks carried into the middle of the streets. Through this terrible storm we waded and floundered in the middle of the road, bare-footed, shoes having been discarded in order to make the passage more possible. Between the flashes of blinding lightning he shouted in my ear, "This is being near to the heart of nature. The old world is in dead earnest and 'tending to business tonight."

Once in the early days we attended a conference at Milwaukee. His deafness excluded him from the

privileges of the pew but never from the opportunities and power of the platform. In the afternoon he said, "Give yourself to these fellows until they go to bed, then you and I will see what the stars have to say. I have a key in my pocket to the observatory of the Milwaukee College." When the speech-makers and the speech-making were at an end, and speakers and listeners were sound asleep, when hosts and guests were through with their garrulous tasks, he led me up the observatory stairs and locked the door behind us. He knew how to manipulate the revealing machines, and there we worked until the stars faded from sight in the presence of the approaching day. From the file of nautical almanacs on the shelf he picked out the oldest, one ten years old, which contained the computations that enabled the skillful astronomer to locate a star at any given hour of the night. By this ten-year-old almanac he set his telescope, first for one planet and then for another, and with watch in hand waited their arrival, and they were all on time. Mars, Saturn, Neptune and the others came on schedule time. At last he said, "Let us see if the little stars are attending to business. I will set the trap for a little tramp star." When all was fixed, with watch in hand, he said, "In two minutes and forty seconds it ought to be here"; and lo! to the second the little traveler hove in sight, and the revelation was so startling, even to him who knew, that he clapped his hands in glee, saying, "Jones, the heavens are working all right tonight; even this little tramp is on time!" The ten-year-old quality of the almanac appealed mightily to his trained mind. There was significance in the fact that the mathematicians in Greenwich, England, could foretell the approach of a minor star in the city of Milwaukee ten years hence, and enable the astronomer to find the stars to the second in time and space. That was fine development of soul that was stirred to devoutness as a vagrant star testified to the order of the universe and the penetration of the human mind.

But my friend realized that nature reaches a climax in human nature. He loved to tell of man's sublime "place in the universe." "Go out and get that fellow's story, quick!" he said to me as the train stopped at a logging camp and a red-shirted huntsman, a half-breed, stood on the bank leaning on his rifle in unconscious grace, a type, as it seemed to him, of manly power and physical perfection.

How he loved to dwell on the recollection of the little woman who gave us such a dainty bowl of bread and milk away up in the woods, and blushingly showed her dainty baby only a week old, tucked away in delicate embroidery in the half of a hogshead mounted on rockers. When a year ago these very days I went to bid him goodbye, the last time I ever saw him, he said, "Do you remember the woman with her baby? That was the best cradle I ever saw; it just fitted the place, the woman and the baby."

Once we came upon an Indian ginseng camp. The tents and a bevy of little papooses were left in charge of one lone squaw who had a babe at her breast. Stolid, glum, suspicious, she repulsed all advances, refused all speech, until my friend offered his gold watch in exchange for her baby, when a great flame of indignation shot up from some subterranean depths in that young woman's soul. The face flushed, the eyes shot defiant darts of indignation, and she arose in such half-frightened and half-defiant way that we instinctively fell back. "That," said my friend, "is motherhood. Go preach your sermon on it."

What was the subtle free masonry of culture, what weavings of providence that brought the Irish laborer, soiled and bespattered, up out of the muddy ditch in sight of Lake Superior to swap Greek sentences with my friend? By some kind of divination he threw at us the first phrases of John's gospel in Greek, and my friend completed the same. Here was the graduate of Hamilton University of New York, exchanging courtesies with a graduate of the Dublin University in Ireland. By what mischance had this Irishman gone down instead of up, and found his place with the shovel instead of in the school room or the office we never knew, but for several years my friend kept in touch with this Greek-Irishman who worked on the section in Wisconsin and finally following some suggestion of ours found his place as a homesteader in South Dakota.

This last story may well hint at the fact that my friend of the wayside was also pre-eminently a man of books. He knew how to use the lexicon as dextrously as the botanical manual or the telescope in the observatory. He loved the great out-of-doors; was on familiar intimacy with science and with men of science, but he also loved books. He was native to the study. He was simple as a child. He was at home at the fireside, interested in the achievements of the barnyard, familiar with the mysteries of the kitchen, but also at home with his classics and familiar with the literature of at least French, German, Italian and English. If perchance by happy accident I might presume a little familiarity with some nook in poetry, reform or sociology which he had not invaded, and was proud of the possibility of offering him a few crumbs in exchange for the loaded tables that were ever at my service, lo and behold! the next summer would find him away and beyond me in my own field. Now I would find him deep in French literature, not stopping until he had practically canvassed the field. Anon he would be reading Plato in the original. One year he mastered Dante in the original, and when the death mastered Dante in the original, and when the death summons came, and the grim truth was known that an incurable disease was gnawing at his vitals, he wrote me, "When the doctor gave me my sentence I was in the midst of Homer, going through it once more in the original in high glee, but I dropped it like a hot potato and am busy now preparing some manuscript for the book which my friends insist I shall leave behind me."

But my companion of the wayside was more than an observer or a student of books. His mind was not choked with other people's ideas though apt quotation was ever at the tip of his tongue. His ministry was peculiarly a ministry of thought, whether at Kenosha, Madison or Minneapolis, where he served respectively eight, three and twenty-four years; his was a ministry of ideas. He believed in the saving power of a thought. So clear was his mind, so searching was his logic that he promptly carried all questions and problems back to a few fundamental principles and methods. What were these fundamental principles?

He came into the ministry at a time when the names of Charles Darwin and Herbert Spencer were disturbing names in the world's thought, when their teachings were considered a menace to religion. The pulpit dreaded their names and ministers were busy in trying to counteract this influence. At that time it was hard for them to adjust religion to the thought of a continuous creation, of an endless unfolding, of a world not yet finished, of a God who wrought not six days and then rested, but works continually. My friend early escaped this terror. He anticipated by a

quarter of a century or more the thought which is now common to all pulpits, the message which all preachers in one way or another undertake to deliver. He interpreted Darwin, Spencer, Huxley, Tyndall and their associates in terms of morals, aye, of religious feeling. He translated evolution into a gospel of spiritual life in such a way that the timid were glad to sit at his feet and be tutored in this unending Genesis. He touched not only individuals but communities with the feeling that the creative throb was still pulsing through the universe; that the eternal fiat was in the present tense. He saw and taught that the doctrine of evolution was but the scientific statement of the truth which Jesus enunciated when he said, "My Father worketh hitherto and I work." He taught of an unwearied God; of an unclosed revelation, of a continuous scripture. No wonder he loved nature, for nature to him was God's book of revelation! No wonder he lived a familiar with flower and with fly, with leaf and with crystal, for they were but texts in God's open Bible.

As a necessary correlative of the doctrine of evolution, my friend laid large hold on the unity of human interest, the community of religious fellowship. He began his ministry in a Presbyterian church; he would have stayed there had the elders been contented, but when they proposed to examine him and fix limits to his thought, he packed his grip and went. For thirty-five years or more of his ministerial life he found fellowship with the Unitarians, but he was no Unitarian in the denominational sense as he was no Presbyterian. He could not be a sectarion. He was suspicious of badges and avoided labels. He saw the necessary limitation of schism and taught that all Protestantism was necessarily provisional, while catholicism was permanent. The text of his first sermon in Minneapolis was "I came not to destroy but to fulfill." When, a few weeks later, the society was organized and took upon itself the name of The First Unitarian Society of Minneapolis, he hastened to say in a sermon on "What Unitarian Means," "I care little for names; I shall seldom use this one. * * * Though Unitarianism may have a good record as a denomination, its greatest glory has been in its undenominational spirit. As Dr. Bellows says, It is a sect only in its opposition to sectarianism. * * * The best thing which 'Unitarian' means to me is not even the principles of religious liberty, but the idea of religious unity which the name suggests. Not merely the unity of God, but of man; the unity of religions, of races, of nations and of nature."

Unitarianism twenty-five years ago and more had its travail, its dread of heresy, its theological issues. Twenty-four years ago in a Wisconsin Conference, my friend drew up the resolution, which in later battle days did valiant service on the liberal side. It read:

> We hold the name "Unitarian" in no narrower sense than that of a movement to UNITE the best spirit and method of all denominations in a peace that might be universal.

After quoting this resolution in the sermon referred to, he says:

> Of course many who bear the Unitarian name fall short of its meaning and remain sectarian, but it is too good to be spoiled by them. Unitarian is etymologically opposed to sectarian. Its root and fundamental idea is unity. . . . So we have long been wont in pronouncing the name Unitarianism to pass lightly over the arianism and lay all the emphasis on the unite. And now dropping the ism and every trace of sectarian hiss, we are turning to the root of the word in which its historical meaning and real spirit lie; we proclaim our faith in unity, the unity of religion in righteousness, the unity of men with each other and with nature, and the unity of all in God. . . . It is this flag of unity in religion we are trying to wave in Minneapolis. With my prejudice for the name, I was in favor of calling the organization "Unity Church," but the rest of the committee thought that so many of you had an ancestral and tender regard for the denominational name, it would be better to call it a Unitarian Society. So you have decided, but, as I have endeavored to show, there is nothing sectarian in the name. . . . And so we shall enjoy that religious liberty which seeks to build, not on the license of man, but on the laws of God. The idea of unity will guide and consecrate our liberty, making us see the rights of all, increasing our charity for all, and deepening our religion by showing the divine law and line filling and connecting all. So seeing the unity of men with each other, and their unity with nature below and the divine spirit above, we shall come nearer to a comprehension of the old truth of the unity of God, who is above all and through all and in us all.

In this sermon he tells the story of how three friends met on a lumber pile at a way-station to seek a name for a periodical venture which was to become an advocate of this broader fellowship. There had been ballotings, correspondence and discussions many, but at length there flashed through the brain of them the word "Unity." My friend, like the philosopher in the bath, jumped up, exclaiming, "Eureka! it is found!" and UNITY the paper was called. For one brief six months he had editorial responsibility. UNITY has always been a luckless bantling. It was hard to keep it alive, but, wrote my friend, "If we can only print the title page —UNITY—and the motto—Freedom, Fellowship and Character in Religion—it will be worth while to send it abroad once a week." The paper still lives, in the twenty-eighth year, witness to the deathless quality of the struggle of the human heart for Unity. He saw with scholarly grasp how the trend of all science, politics, political economy, of all philosophy as well as all religion was towards unity, in obedience to a law as persistent as the law of gravitation, bringing not only individuals into social relations, but nations into fraternal bonds and at last compelling sect and sectarian to hide their diminished heads in shame and humiliation.

This leads me to my friend's third great message and that was the message of peace. O how he hated war! It was the one thing concerning which he was ever known to break out in bitter speech and terrible invective. He searched the dictionary for hard words for those who in the name of the gospel and under the cloak of Christianity, would marshal troops, carry muskets, use powder and ball in the assumed service of the gentle Jesus and in the mad attempt to advance the kingdom of love. He saw that war in the very nature of things is in league with wickedness, with destruction, with degeneracy. It seeks to depopulate the world. He put religious emphasis on Sherman's blunt axiom, "War is hell and must cease."

My companion of the roadside delighted in clear statement and rejoiced in definitions, but he knew the uncertainty of classification; he knew how nature abhors lines. And so he was an advocate for those who differ from him, and ever held a brief in the interest of those who were lost in the ambiguities of truth and right.

His last lecture on Tower Hill, given two years ago, while the shadows were already lengthening over him, was upon Erasmus, the scholar of the Reformation, the man who saw deeper into the problem than Luther ever did, and still died within the pale of the Mother Church. The year before that he brought a special plea for Daniel Webster, believing that to him was given a mission to preserve the nation's integrity which the haters of slavery were unprepared to appreciate and which history has never adequately recognized.

The phase of Lincoln's life which he most loved to

dwell upon, the episode in his career which he was most anxious to emphasize, was that very phase and episode with which his friends had least patience, concerning which his own party men broke with him. It was Lincoln's far-reaching foresight which led him to plead with friends, both north and south, to avoid the awful war by compensating for every slave in southern fields. "Better pay for them at full market price, that these men who hold them as property, under traditions and sanctions for which North and South are alike responsible, may be released with us from the awful burden. Radicals of the North pronounced this disloyalty and the fire-eaters of the South resented it as an indignity, but the ages will unite with my friend in seeing that Abraham Lincoln could take this position only because he towered so high above his contemporaries that he could see the two sides of the question. He foresaw the awful calamity, and my friend loved him for that many-sidedness of his nature.

How can I bring this sermon of the wayside to a close? How can I convert this memorial word into an after-vacation message of cheer and hope? Grewsome were the burdens he bore, and still he was a man of infinite jest. Cruel were the isolations of his life, and still he was the man with laughing eyes. More and more were the sounds of the world shut out from his soul, and still he was more successful than any man I know of in converting his burdens into inspirations, taking tactical advantage of his disadvantages. How he joked about the "hose," the long tube ear trumpet which was made long enough to reach from horse to horse as we galloped by the hour side by side in friendly converse. He was wont to remind me of the great advantage of being deaf—you escaped so many bores and were saved from listening to so many things that were not worth listening to. His was the humor that belongs to gentleness. But there was a never failing ripple of laughter just back of the pathos, the sagacity, the philosophy. He said he could forgive the hamlet for refusing us shelter on that dreadfully stormy night already alluded to if they had not stolen our watermelons, which were found missing when we returned to the boat next morning. He regretted my disclosure of his profession to the Norwegian host in the pinery because it "suppressed the unique profanity" and, as he said, "took all the poetry out of his speech."

Surely, then, it is fitting that I should bring to you an after-vacation sermon from him whose heart gave out increasing waves of love towards every created thing; the circle of whose communion was large enough to include dog and horse, Pagan and Christian; in whose vision the past, present and future formed one unbroken cycle. He saw the revelation in the wings of the butterfly that skims the low horizon, and to him every drop of dew was flecked with glory.

But my companion of the roadside deserves other at my hands than this sermon tribute. He is a part of the sunshine, to spread which is my business, a part of the liberty that is the burden of the gospel; I would preach—he was a representative of the fellowship we are here to emphasize and to enlarge.

Yesterday's paper said that a memorial church is to be reared in his name at Kenosha. My heart yearns for some material witness to his benignant life in connection with the Abraham Lincoln Centre—not for his sake, but that we might better testify to our indebtedness. But Henry Simmons lives; lives in the brilliant, persuasive sentences of the book he left as his dying bequest—"New Tables of Stone;" lives more in the unrimmed geniality, the unregistered cordiality, the unbounded hospitality of the man who made science and religion synonymous, revelation a present fact, inspiration a living demonstration, work a joy, death a friend, with whom he spent in familiar intimacy long days of patient suffering and unflagging work.

Such was my companion of the roadside.

In Memoriam.

HENRY M. SIMMONS.

Across the Bar, brave soul, across!
  So near its edge you lingered long,
We will not speak of pain or loss,
  Nor freight with sadness any song.

But "Ship, ahoy!" we'll cry for cheer,
  And glean it from your sunlit soul;
We'll catch your farthest look, and clear,
  Undimmed by breakers' sullen roll.

"Unending Genesis of Life!"
  Great preacher of a faith sublime,
Send us the message, in our strife,
  From your great, calm, unending time!

We hear it in the song of bird,
  And read it in the simplest flower—
In echoing wave its note is heard,
  In tree-leaf quiver, summer shower.

In starry heaven and furrowed field,
  In rocky glen and mountain peak,
Their knowledge comes to souls that yield,
  For through them all our God doth speak.

Your God! We learned of you to trust
  Each voiceless and each singing child
From vastest world to globuled dust,
  Not one from Love could be exiled.

And while your inner ear grew fine,
  Released from coarser sounds of earth,
Your worship at the Spirit's shrine
  Was prescience of the coming birth.

Across the Bar, brave soul, across,
  "Tables of Stone" you leave behind,
On which, with love, we now emboss,
  "He was our friend, true, strong and kind."

FRANCES A. B. DUNNING.

Tributes.

Newton Mann, Omaha, Neb.—My memory of our dear Simmons dates from the time before he was a minister, from when he was principal of the high school in Kenosha, Wis. I found him there just at the close of his term of service, and heard his farewell talk to the school and its patrons just forty years ago this month of June, he having resigned his post to study for the ministry at the Auburn (N. Y.) Theological Seminary. The time had been too short for us to know each other much, but I well remember how pleased I was with his appearance, with his short but impressive address closing the high school commencement exercises, and how I was even then convinced he would make a good minister. He surely had no idea then of becoming a Liberal preacher; much less of ever returning to Kenosha to take charge of the little church that I was then organizing there.

From then I lost sight of him for a few years, and know of his Divinity School career only what I long after had from the lips of one of his classmates, the late Myron Adams—*clarum et admirabile nomen*—whose mind took a similar development, but who, though disfellowshiped by the Orthodox Congregationalists, remained to his death the faithful minister of Plymouth Church, Rochester, N. Y. He always

spoke of Simmons with enthusiasm, and in a way to indicate that he was regarded by professors and students as the bright particular star.

He was hardly more than graduated and settled over an orthodox church before it became apparent to him that he could not without sacrifice of sincerity work in harmony with his associates and carry out his scheme of human service as he had fondly planned. Confronting such a situation there could be no doubt what such a man would do; he would be honest at whatever cost to himself. Amidst the usual uproar attending the discovery of heresy he went out of a great and popular into a little and unpopular order. The distant rumblings of his struggle for a larger liberty brought the youthful hero again to my notice, and when, in 1868, I went to Troy, N. Y., I found him ministering to a little band of Unitarians at Ilion. We made exchanges, and, what is more, a real acquaintance. To this day I have not forgotten the happy impression his library made on me. It was not large, but it was modern, containing the great books of the then new science and new philosophy. After a little, at my suggestion, he was invited to visit Kenosha, where he was promptly asked to stay, and where, to the great blessing of that town, he consented to remain seven years. This took him far from me, and I saw him thereafter only at long intervals—a sensible loss to me, though no distance could efface the sense of spiritual nearness, the feeling that at Kenosha, at Madison, and later and longer at Minneapolis, there was a preacher after my own heart, a tireless student of nature and of man, a whole-hearted seeker after truth, whose obedience to the heavenly vision could never be hindered by fear of loss or turned aside by hope of reward.

One summer, some ten years ago, on my way to Lake Superior, I stopped over a day in Minneapolis and called on my old friend, who showed me his church and study and took me over the twin cities. The study interested me the most, as it told the mode of his life. Reader of books in many tongues, ancient and modern, he had his treasures about him there, companions of his heart and soul, the conveyance of whose contents to him was nowise interfered with by his almost entire lack of audition. That deafness—did ever a man bear an equal affliction with such grace?—impaired no doubt his usefulness as a minister; still, with those who knew him well and were of his spiritual kindred, it was a bar to communication they knew how to get over. We were generally content if he could be kept talking.

His only visits to Omaha were in the summer and autumn of 1898, first to supply Unity pulpit for a Sunday or two, and then to speak at the Congress of Religion. How admirably he performed both these services those present have not forgotten nor will they forget. So scathing and well-considered a rebuke of the war spirit then rampant in America as he gave before the Congress has rarely ever been heard. When he came to supply my pulpit (the Iowa Conference having thoughtfully provided for keeping the church open through the summer of the Trans-Mississippi Exposition), our dear friend was the guest of Mr. Thomas Kilpatrick, who since then has often spoken of the resources and the charm of his delightful visitor. On their way one day in a street car to the Exposition Mr. Simmons asked Mr. K. in what year he was born—question which under the circumstances might have been discreetly enough asked even of a woman as the answer had to be written and so did idly curious listeners no good. When he had read the year, his interest increased, he would know the month, and then with startled eagerness demanded the day. It turned out that host and guest were precisely of the same age; a notable coincidence in which the two good men took an equal and a surprised delight.

So gladsome, so bright, so pure, so noble a spirit it is not given one to meet many times in the course of even a long life. His learning was wide and varied, his wit of the most exquisite, his kindness unfailing, his conscientiousness so extreme that he would suffer rather than do a wrong, would keep good a promise made however much to his hurt; but the great charm about him was his unspoiled naturalness—a trait that went into his word and his manners, coming out in an urbanity unimpeachable, little as it owed to art; and seen in his literary style, which has a directness, a limpidity, a force, all its own, a scorn of pedantry and claptrap altogether refreshing. He was a man to lay hold of the hearts of the comparatively few people up and down the world capable of appreciating the best things in human nature and character—the very few such whom it is permitted even a public man to come in contact with. To such of these as knew him the world is poorer for his passing away; but O how much richer for his having lived! And what a sense of value is there to some of us in the fact that we sometime came personally near to him!

Happily our dear friend last year, seeing that his voice would soon be hushed, put in permanent form a selection from his discourses which now forms, under the title, "New Tables of Stone," his worthiest monument. So like him are these utterances that through them, though dead, he yet speaks. Where shall one look for another volume of sermons of such power for mental quickening? It should circulate by the hundred thousand.

T. H. E., Minneapolis, Minn.—Grateful for the opportunity and invitation to contribute to your memorial number in honor of our friend and the friend of all mankind,—Henry M. Simmons,—I offer my word of appreciation. Will it be out of place to preface it with a suggestion, viz.: That his church here owes at least a tablet (and the city could well afford a monument) in memory of the good man gone before who was largely instrumental in bringing the Prophet to their doors. Anyway, let me record in this fit connection my own eternal gratitude to O. P. Whitcomb for making me first personally acquainted with the man most profitable to know of all whom I have known.

That introduction happened nearly a quarter of a century ago. Since then, through ministrations that endeared him to all my family; through listening as often as possible to his preaching and to still more delightful talks in the privacy of his study; through reading all he wrote for UNITY and whatever else from his pen I could lay hands on; through a few most memorable days of close companionship with him in the Rocky Mountains, when upon invitation he made my miner's cabin a resting place and point of departure for Sunday excursions on foot and on horseback which it was my joy and pride to share; through occasional interchange of letters during all the years down to the last one, and finally through seances during the last months of his life as many and as prolonged as my own conscience permitted—for *he* would always say come and never say go—I came to know him well.

Well and yet not intimately. I doubt that "intimacy" characterized his relationship with many, if with any, of his multitude of friends. Not that his

manner was in the least "distant" or forbidding; on the contrary it was quietly cordial, even inviting. There was ever welcome in his eyes and voice and smile and hand-shake, for many, I am sure, if not for all, who approached him; still one was apt to feel that the approach was never very near to the man himself. Did this come from an exaggerated modesty on his part, or from a self-respect too profound to risk any chance of violation under self-disclosure? I believe it was from neither. I came to think that in the simplicity, pure kindliness and sincerity of his manners the very man was so fully disclosed that all appearance of concealment or secret reserve was wholly due to the imagination of those of us thoroughly accustomed to live and regard others as living behind a veil of conventional behavior. I think the true secret of his character and life lay in his attainment and realization of a *love* which to most of us remains a mere mental concept or abstraction—that form of love which Emerson designated and so wonderfully described as "The Celestial." That character and life are very simply explained—and so only explicable at all—upon the hypothesis that he really loved good supremely and the neighbor equitably; that he loved not so much persons as the good in and of all persons; that accordingly he gave to few if any his own personality, but good out of it to all who came near; to each according to his receptivity. His own conception of love I know was so exalted that the very word was to him too sacred for common usage. In one of his letters he spoke of it as "a word I seldom use outside the pulpit."

Other "secrets" of his character there were—open secrets to all on little or long acquaintance. Most notable were: The invulnerable optimism of his faith, the exquisite humor of his vision, the inextinguishable cheer and unconquerable courage of his spirit.

He did not impress me as being peculiarly modest or "humble," but as so thoroughly interested in all the "not me" as to be simply unconscious of himself.

Some of these characteristics were so strikingly obvious that they will, doubtless, appear in many if not all the estimates that come to you. I venture illustration of but one—or rather two points in combination—his optimism and his humor: After the great tornado that wrought such havoc in and about the city of Rochester in this state, he preached a sermon, the motif of which was reconciliation of such facts of experience with God's beneficence. After the sermon, meeting Mr. Whitcomb, who had been a specially great sufferer from the disaster, he apologized to him for "undertaking to whitewash that cyclone."

To a committee of young ladies who went to him with the gravest of ethical questions to be debated in their school society, viz.: "Has one ever the right to take his own life?" he said: "Right, *right* to commit suicide? Why, girls, there are plenty of people whose bounden duty it is to commit it!"

But tributes of love and admiration will be many and I am claiming too much space. Perhaps you will think it best to suppress all the above and insert only the following quotation from a note sent him after my last call, only a few days before his departure:

"I have not reserved till now all the good things I have had to say about you, and do not want to keep the rest until you are quite gone beyond reach. Let me tell you before you go that wife and children join me in assurance that we think of you always with warm regard and grateful admiration, and that, whatever is highest and truest in our thinking, whatever is most courageous and faithful in our spirits and most amiable in our conduct will to the end be closely associated with memories of you."

Ellen Torelle, Minneapolis, Minn.—Perhaps a little corner of the "Simmons Number" of UNITY can be spared for an expression of appreciation by one who for many years profited by his teaching and by the influence of his unusual personality.

Mr. Simmons' influence over his hearers and friends is difficult to put into words; it was incisive, subtle, permanent. At home or abroad, his disciples measured the thought of others by the standards he set, and for a long time to come the ideals he created will live in the minds of his people. His broad scholarship, his wit, his love of nature, his scientific accuracy of expression and beauty of style has deservedly been praised by those competent to judge of these qualities; but in the judgment of those who gathered around him Sunday after Sunday, an analysis of his acquirements and accomplishments does not translate the man. When he rose before delivering his discourse, and read, without attempt at dramatic effect and without accompaniment of sign or gesture, selections from the scriptures of all lands and of all peoples—selections which he had himself compiled during years of wide reading—then the spirit apart from the intellect became manifest, then he transported his hearers to other and fairer worlds than ours—then the ideal became real.

In his discourses he struck the vital points of being; he dwelt on details only that the general truth might become more evident. He hated cant, hypocrisy and superstition, and no more telling sarcasm has been leveled at this trio than was his. He was most emphatic in his denunciation of war, and when others were carried away by waves of popular enthusiasm, he stood firm as a rock for the principles which he so clearly discerned. He seldom ventured to offer counsel on the social evils of the day, trusting to Nature and to the best in human nature to rectify the wrongs. As a pastor, he lacked the ability to persuade his people to work together in a common cause, for he rarely appealed to those emotions which incite to action. He did not, as a consequence, initiate movements for social reform, nor did he undertake any of the work of the modern institutional church. He made few "parish" calls, and he did not search the highways and byways for any who might be hungering for the food he had to give; but to those who found their way to his table he was generosity itself. Perhaps his great modesty accounts for this; he did not feel that he was gifted above his fellows, nor wiser, nor better. In most human affairs the principle of *laissez faire* governed him. From his point of view, perhaps the man digging the trench or the woman scrubbing the floor had learned things he was ignorant of, and things better suited to their individual needs, than the things that helped and delighted him. Whatever the reason may have been, his work was intensive, not extensive; his congregation did not increase much in numbers. There were the constant ones, the "Simmons worshippers," as they have sometimes been called. The multitude knew him not. He appealed to the scholars and thinkers who recognized his peculiar genius and he was wise enough to remain true to his high function. And how appreciative of the sympathy of those who understood him he was! The last time I spoke with him his face became illumined with pleasure as he showed me a letter he had received from Andrew D. White, and then turned to the latter's autobiography which he had been reading and expressed surprise at being ranked in it with such

preachers and thinkers as Brooks, Gibbons, Munger, Weinstock and Jacobs.

> "All that is at all
> Lasts ever, past recall."

In the love of the members of his congregation Henry M. Simmons will always live. Each succeeding day the "New Tables of Stone" he fashioned will take on greater beauty and higher value.

Arthur M. Judy, Davenport, Ia.—Four or five summers ago I passed a half hour with that heart of sunshine whom we loved under the name of Henry M. Simmons. What marvelous illumination he had extracted from books of science, all know who had the privilege of listening to his inimitable sermons or lectures. But in the brief half-hour I refer to, he made it plain that in his later years he had turned to the humanists as the chief source of his inspiration. Taking down from his shelves one by one the works of Montaigne or Dante or Plato or Ruskin or Emerson, he handled them with peculiar affection, as he discoursed upon the deeper satisfaction which they yielded compared to works on science, which he had read so exhaustively at one time. And must it not be ever thus that in the maturity of life a well rounded man will turn to those books with keenest interest which deal searchingly with that highest object of study—man, and not man chiefly in his backward-reaching relations, wherein the anthropologists spend their energies, but chiefly in his forward-stretching relations which include those spiritual interests which lift science into theology? And in this experience of one of our most untrammeled and exhaustive thinkers, have we not a forecast as to how it must and will be with our Liberal movement in theology, namely, that deal as sympathetically and searchingly as it may with science, strictly so called, it must turn ultimately to theology, to the uplands of the spirit, for its primary and peculiar field of study?

And in this turning shall it not heed the lesson taught by our friend's other word to me in that interview which, brief though it was, was so strangely packed with both the pathetic and heroic. For, closing his beloved Montaigne with as near a sigh as those cheer-engendering lips could utter, he exclaimed, "But these books are dead: they are nothing compared with the living men and women whom you can hear and are learning from daily." Never, until that moment, had I comprehended how intercourse with the living excels all communion with words of the dead. Something of life, of the highest delight of exercising our faculties comes to us when we are actors in the drama of events. Our friend realized that his infirmity of deafness barred him from coming into our conferences, going on the streets, entering the homes, attending the conventions and the councils as a speaker, a planner, a counsellor, a friend, and this deprivation no commerce even with the mightiest of those dead and gone could make good. Under the stress of a strong feeling, he may have set an undue value upon the active life, but deduct what I might from his expression, his words that day magnified for me the blessing of being able to hear and answer the living words of living men; taught me that for wholeness of worth there may be in it a value above the "wisdom of the schools."

Yet, quiver though the fibers of sympathy would as Simmons uttered this confession; realize as I must to how large an extent his infirmity shut him off from the living; and comprehend though I did, that to a man of his superlatively genial, friendly, tender, and talkative disposition this was a cross to crush the strongest, I had only to look into those joy-flashing eyes and listen to the ring of cheer in that marvelous voice to know that his unconquerable heart was not crushed; that he had achieved the ambition of the Japanese soldier to be bigger than anything that could happen.

Judge Frank C. Brooks, Minneapolis.—Henry M. Simmons was preëminently a fearless as well as an able and conscientious preacher. He never hesitated to speak the truth as he saw it, through any fear that his utterances might offend or displease; and his discourses frequently dealt with current questions, economic and political, as well as religious, such as are usually avoided by the popular clergyman, concerned chiefly in securing or retaining a high salary or a numerous congregation.

Though many, perhaps most, of his hearers were protectionists, he many times portrayed the abstract righteousness of free trade, and the absurdity of that legislation which directs the expenditure of millions upon harbors, light-houses and other aids to commerce, and at the same time erects an artificial wall to prevent their use. And notwithstanding a considerable number of his congregation during the exciting and strenuous campaign of 1896 sincerely believed in the unlimited coinage of silver at the existing ratio, he nevertheless frequently attacked the doctrine as both unwise and unjust. At the time of the war in the Philippines, no anti-imperialist anywhere was more outspoken or vehement than he in denouncing the war and that "benevolent assimilation" sought to be accomplished by bayonets and bullets. I remember well how some of his friends protested, forgetting that even though his expressions were extreme, the indiscretion, if such it were, was, to say the least, excusable in one who professed to teach the gospel of the Prince of Peace. The single-taxers of Minneapolis greatly admired Mr. Simmons, and several of them, including the president of the local league, were regular attendants at his church. Regardless of this, he undertook more than once to demonstrate what he deemed to be the fallacies of the single tax, and took special delight in defending Herbert Spencer against the criticisms of Henry George. He also had opinions upon the labor question which, though distasteful to many of his friends, he never hesitated to express. He advocated the open shop, and vigorously denounced strikes inaugurated to deprive by lawless methods honest workingmen of their only means of livelihood.

Opinions may differ concerning the wisdom of pulpit utterances such as these. Some may think that they destroy in a degree the usefulness of the preacher. But no one who knew Mr. Simmons questioned his honesty of purpose. He was at all times sincere in thought and expression. He never sought popularity or pecuniary gain by stifling his honest convictions. Indeed, I am sure he gave these matters no thought. He spoke the message as it came to him, and, being thus to his own self true, he could not then be false to any one.

Guillielma Mendell, Minneapolis, Minn.—The first time I heard Mr. Simmons the sermon was that little classic, "The Breath of Life." I went to hear him very unwillingly—a mutual friend having praised him extravagantly, as I thought then. I was obstinately determined not to like him. It is needless to say I was charmed, the fine sermon given in his

rich voice with his peculiar intensity of expression exhilarating me and I left the church in the most buoyantly optimistic frame of mind. Since then Mr. Simmons has been my hero. That mutual friend told me of Mr. Simmons' rich, sweet, lovable nature—of his delightful humor, and of his wide learning, and as I listened to him Sunday after Sunday I thought "how delightful it would be to know him personally." Afterwards, when admitted to the intimacy of an informally-adopted daughter, I found that to know him was indeed delightful beyond anything I had imagined. My friend in speaking of Mr. Simmons' learning said, 'Doctor, he can tell you things about your profession that you don't know;' so I found he could—and when I talked to him on medical or dental subjects I used technical terms and never had to explain them, so thorough was his knowledge of Greek and Latin. And though he was deaf no person of my acquaintance was so easy to talk to. One word gave him the key note of my thought—to make sure he had gotten my idea he would repeat my thought—the sentence finely framed now in his words—so that I always went away with a puffed-up feeling of having talked rather well. He had a faculty of drawing out the best there was in you—even if there was only a very little best, he got that. He taught me so many things—taught me with such patience and lucid simplicity that a well crystallized thought in my mind was the invariable result. I saw much of him the last year and a half of his life and marveled at his heroic patience. His greeting to my anxious expression was always "All right," and the "All right" rang out strongly and brightly. Then he would ask for the news, but he had always so many and so good callers and letters. And while I went with the hope of being able to entertain him it was always he who entertained me—reading me something fine or amusing he had found—pointing out the fine, compact style of Iacitus and getting such intense satisfaction out of it. He took, too, such pleasure in the achievements of members of his congregation. I remember his telling me that he had deserted Gaboriau—Gaboriau, who had helped while away the weary sleepless hours of the night—for Prof. West's new histories; and he read me passages from them, appealing to me, "if that wasn't good," his eyes all alight with joy in it. He never argued with me—I doubt if he ever did with any one—if I disagreed with any statement of his I found that it, nevertheless, sunk in and finally I was converted. I feel very really—though finding it hard to express adequately just what I mean—that his nature was larger and richer and deeper than I am fine enough to understand. He was a much greater man than we, any of us, realize. His work is a masterpiece, fine and beautiful. But fine as it is, the best part of him is not in it. I mourned his illness, but I do not mourn his death. He does not seem dead to me and I do not believe he can seem dead to any of us who knew him and loved him.

H. H. Waldo, Rockford, Ill.—You ask me to "send a word" from my "vivid memory" concerning Henry M. Simmons, whose death was recently noted in UNITY. I learned to love and admire the man from what I had read in UNITY from his pen; but I never saw the man but once, and that was at the Unitarian Conference in Rockford many years ago. Brooke Herford presided. What I can recall at this time of the part he performed at that conference, was his evening sermon, the subject being "Samson." At that time his treatment of the subject was startling to his orthodox hearers, but new and instructive to all who have open minds, ready and anxious to receive all truth, as it unfolds in science or so-called Revelation. He stated that the story of Samson was a Hebrew sun myth, the meaning of Samson being the Law. The myth that his strength was in his hair meant that his strength was in the sun's rays—and science has demonstrated that the truth underlying this myth is scientifically correct. There is no other force or strength except that which is in the sun's rays. They lifted up the mountains of the continents. They draw the railway trains over the country, and the steamships across the sea. They enable us to think, talk, and walk, and every phenomenon in nature is caused by the sun's rays. He also stated that Delilah meant "the night"; and we have often noticed that after a hot summer day of clear sunshine, the night has relieved or rescued us from the intense heated strength of the sun's rays. Thank God for both Samson and Delilah.

He said with Colonel Ingersoll that "with myth and fable we are ever charmed and find endless pleasure in the repetition of the beautiful, the poetic and absurd." If we have the wit to detect the hidden meaning of the myths of all the races of mankind, we will find a striking similarity in all, whether they be Aryan, Grecian, Roman, or Hebrew.

The above was the burden of his discourse, told with that facility and felicity of language by which all of his sermons and writings were characterized.

He was one of the *avant couriers* of the Higher Criticism who have interpreted the Bibles of the world in such a manner that they do not do violence to a well-ordered reason or a sympathetic heart.

For such men as Henry M. Simmons we regret their departure from earth-life, and miss their living companionship, but "their works and their worth follow them," and to those who cherish their memories and imitate their examples they will become a "fountain of living waters, springing up into eternal life."

In Memoriam.

H. M. S.

We live environed by our noble dead:
  All else—bloom, twilight vision, morning peace,
Is and anon is not; for them the dread
  Dial, with stern imperative to cease.
Not so the soul—not so his soul—we owned
  A guardian Presence, dowered with life supreme:
Still Teacher, Friend, whose requiem intoned,
  Yields mild epiphany of after-dream.

Nor now befit lament and grief's array;
  Nor be eternity the cynosure
For mournful vision, as when eyes gainsay,
  While lips profess, that life must aye endure:
Too much a lover of earth's gladness he,
  To delicate to trust and hope, to brook
The blurring of a joy, even momently,
  Because his feet their wonted ways forsook.

Already Earth is lying 'neath a dome
  All June—illumined stream and sun-lit plain;
Or drinking with her million-throated loam
  The copiousness of early summer rain.
How like a wondrous symbol all doth seem
  Of Life, released from bonds of wintry creed;
The Liberty which is as they that dream,
  With lips of mirth—like Zion's captives freed!

Even for that freedom of the sons of God,
  With zeal and power he labored without pause,
Pouring himself unstintingly abroad
  In Truth's behalf, in the renownless Cause.
And while the many piped of Faith's eclipse,
  He stood, with soul for crisis born, tense-eyed—
As who catch martial signalings from ships—
  Lest Justice should be ambushed, Right denied.

There be whose reason's flight no more impede
The barriers of sense than leaves, a bird,
That plunges nestward with unbated speed,
Arrow-straight, recking not of branchlet stirred;
Or they, yet rarer-souled, to whom each flower
Windows the Vital Soul within the sod;
To whom a bluebell's thrills in windy hour,
Chance-glimpsed, are but the hither side of God.

Not he of these: too vast the awful sum
Of mystery wherewith his vision strove,
In that perspective wherein faiths become
As various as the greens of far June grove.
What wombed in the eternities may be,
To him was theme too dread for vain surmise:
Something of fine old Attic sanity
And poise in him surveyed the New-World skies.

Ay, something of old Attic courage, too,
And bland acceptance of what fate imposed;
Verging toward death as innocent of rue
As once the eyes reluctant Crito closed.
O! morning virtues of the elder strain,
Translated into living Here and Now:
Serenity, and will unswerved by pain,
Stoic endurance, yet with kindliest brow!

Not in the myriad giving up of breath
On battlefield, when bugles fire the blood;
Not in the white-lipped comradery of death,
Through sudden shipwreck or o'erwhelming flood,
Blooms heroism rarest: but where peer
Into the darkness of a doom foreknown,
From some lone spirit watch-tower, without fear,
Brave eyes in vigil, lo, the flower full-blown!

Here in the after-dimness and the dream,
Beholding what nigh godlike gift is Man's
To rise to heights of being, and redeem
Himself from scath and bane of Circumstance,
Spent faith requickens: one so leagued with Life
Did not unseal the bond with parting breath;
Nay, rather the imperial Spirit, rife
With power, donned but richer robes with death.

Thus Hope: but whether true its dream or vain,
'Tis joy to yield in sense to beauty's law;
To live as he, of truth's wild glories fain;
Within its depths, world-startled, to withdraw.
Even as a water-fowl that loves the cool
Clear habitat it holds, a summer's lease,
And trails in flight the length of shadowy pool,
Then dives into its liquid hush for peace.

GOTTFRIED HULT.

Harlow Gale in the Minneapolis "Times."—In spite of the lovely personal recollections by Mr. Jones of his intimate friend and the earnest tributes to Mr. Simmons by others of his clergymen friends, I cannot refrain from adding a word of the kind of heartfelt gratitude felt by many of his secular and even non-religious friends. For among Mr. Simmons' most enthusiastic followers were many, strange as it may seem to most churchgoers, who had lost all religion in the proper sense of the word, i. e., a belief in some kind of spirits having some power over human lives. Such persons' intellectual growth was greatly helped and confirmed by his frequent historical discourses on theological doctrines and church customs like the creation, the devil, the ideas of God, sin, the life and legends of Jesus, the meaning of Christmas and Easter, modern Biblical criticism, etc.

The scholarly knowledge, thorough going honesty and kindly charity withal—in such rich union and measure as could be found in few speakers or books—by which these religious ideas were illuminated, served the high function of mental clarification for strong thinking. In showing up the historical weakness and metaphysical impotency of our theological heritage he even often startled the more radical among his heterogeneous group of followers by his fearless agnosticism.

And yet, besides the anthropological interest in tracing the genesis and evolution of religious ideas, Mr. Simmons' weekly studies did not end in mere criticism and negation. Their purpose and forcible expression was rather for the separation of the transitory and unessential from the permanent and necessary. And this kernel of truth in theological ideas and religious customs was found to be in some helpfulness for our present human conduct. Ethics was thus the positive result of his teachings, and the whole existence of his "First Unitarian church" was practically a society for ethical culture. And however much or little of impersonal abstraction or of poetical description survived in his own vague conceptions of God and immortality, and although some of his hearers undoubtedly drew from his discourses much more of conventional anthropomorphism and definite belief than he himself held, yet the function of these poeticized religious ideas was for increasing the esthetic beauty and loveliness of this earthly life rather than forcing or sustaining our earthly conduct by extra-earthly persons and places.

Only a small proportion of his discourses were really connected with religion anyway. He pounded away Sunday after Sunday for the justice and peace in the anti-imperialistic cause, even to the restlessness of some of his best friends. He introduced us to the new biographies like Huxley's, Lowell's and Martineau's. Never can I forget the charming illumination he shed upon the intricacies of Browning by simply reading, without comment, the Ring and the Book to a little group of us on weekly evenings through the winter months.

Many smaller traits of his character and method of work focus together to help characterize his place among men. It is a misnomer to call him "pastor;" for not merely his deafness cut him off from the great mass of social intercourse, but his whole nature was far removed both from the old pastoral function as a spiritual adviser as well as from the modern strenuous pastoral presence at all social and public functions. His Sunday messages were not "sermons;" for with the absence of all exhortation, they were usually called discourses, while he described his printed collection on their title page as "essays." He disliked all titles of Reverend or Doctor, and would never allow them connected with his name if he could prevent it.

Thus, in giving us the best cullings from his own broad life as a scholar and thinker, rather than in doling out exhortation or supposedly necessary doctrines for the people's welfare, Mr. Simmons was not a preacher, but one of the highest ideals of a public teacher. He did not coax or drive people to high thoughts and beautiful emotions; he rather allured them to seek of themselves good things. And so it is for these characteristics of the independent thinker and earnest teacher of culture, for these very traits which most differentiate him from a preacher of religion, that many of us will hold the memory of Henry M. Simmons among the loveliest and noblest gains of our lives.

Rev. Samuel N. Deinard, Rabbi Congregation Shaari Tov, Minneapolis.—When Rabbi Ishmael, the great expounder of the Law, who occupies a prominent place in Jewish martyrology, was brutally slain by the Roman tyrant, the angels above, so the Jewish legend runs, with piercing voices lamented: "Behold the Torah, and behold its reward!" This despondent lament often occurred to me during the four years of my acquaintance with Mr. Simmons, and especially in more recent months when I saw the affliction to which the good and noble

man was bidden by God to submit. And yet, as I now look back upon this life, it seems to me as if it would not have been complete without its severe trials and afflictions, that these were necessary to bring into clearer relief the beauty of that life, to serve as a foil; —they were the setting of the jewel. For the most characteristic trait of Mr. Simmons was the dominance of his soul over his body, and his consequent intellectual and moral serenity, his lifting himself out of his bodily encumbrance as it were, and living in the empyrean of thought and aspiration. There was no want of comfort, no pain for him—not in the Christian Science sense of the phrase, but in the sense that amidst his intellectual wealth and spiritual joy those became insignificant. There were always the hearty pressure of the hand, the cheerful look of the eye, the benignant smile of the lips. His face always spelt to me: "All is well; it's a good world we live in. Thank God and be cheerful."

I mentioned his intellectual wealth. I always grasped the full meaning of these two words when I found myself in his study. When I saw him at his desk surrounded by his books, I felt that he was one of the wealthiest men in this country, and for the moment I conceived an utter contempt for the Rockefeller millions.

His was an all-encompassing mind. As a student he was a veritable bee, drawing his sweet products from all flowers. He was interested as much in the problems of Higher Criticism as in those of biology, and in the study of ancient myths as in that of flowers and minerals. Such being his mental and moral character, to say that he was liberal and broadminded would be like saying that the sun is bright. And yet that, too, must be mentioned; for, alas! how many would-be liberal religionists and students are there who are narrow-minded and small-souled!

Such is the image that I shall always bear in my mind of the good and gentle Mr. Simmons. The memory of the righteous is blessed.

To Henry M. Simmons.

Closed is the faithful eye,
Breathed is the parting sigh,
Murmured the last good-bye
  That earth or friend may claim;
The last kind word is said,
The last loved page is read,
The last brave smile has sped
  O'er lips it lit like flame;
And when we name the dead
  We may not pass his name.

O Death, of iron indeed!
Could not our bitter need,
And thy great riches plead
  For him our hearts deplore?
Hadst thou not saints and kings,
All great and glorious things?
The compass of thy wings
  Inspired earth's proudest store.
So rich thy harvestings,
  O Death! and we so poor!

Alas, the Juneless May,
The morrowless to-day!
He saw the fledglings play
  Whose song he might not hear.
And spring and morning sky
Bewail the lost ally,
The friendless sunbeams try
  Alone the world to cheer;
Our own smiles, questing, fly
  In search of his, so dear.

Wake, Lie, thine hour is come!
The voice thou fear'dst is dumb.
Up, Wrong! the arm is numb
  That scourged thy craven band.
War, with new-bristled mane,
Tugs at his loosened chain;
Truth, tongueless, sighs in pain,
  And Right, appalled, doth stand,
Her broken falchion vain
  Torn from her bruised hand.

And life and death are one.
Who knows the genial sun,
Till the last thread is spun
  In sunset's peaceful glow?
The warm hand and the cold
The selfsame missive fold,
Gray ash and breathing mould
  Accordant lessons show
That life is great to hold,
  Great, also, to forego.

July 17th, 1905. O. W. Firkins.

G. L. Morrill, in Minneapolis "Progress."—Rev. Henry Martin Simmons has left us, and Minneapolis seems lonelier and poorer since he went away. He was my Eighth Ward neighbor for ten years. Summer's sun or winter's cold could not change the even tenor of his way. He was near nature's heart in his home surrounded by beautiful flowers and noble trees. He understood their language and their beauty and strength became a part of his life. The old home recently gave way to a modern one—the flowers were dug up, the trees cut down, and the song birds driven away. It almost seemed as if he did not care to outlive their destruction.

Last Sunday I stood alone by his silent form. Disease had wasted the body, but the intellectual head was noble, and I read the history of his life in the lines of the peaceful face. Beauty was there, for he loved it wherever he saw it, and illustrated it in his thought and speech. Bravery was there, for he waged a good fight against physical ills which would have discouraged most men, and left them to surrender. Sunshine was there, for no matter how dark the clouds lowered, there was an inner light no calamity could darken. Scholarship was there, for from reading and reflection in public library and private study he gathered the sweets of history, art, literature, science, religion, philosophy, and politics.

All this I read, and recalled the past years I had so differed from him in theology. Then I asked myself what if his creed was so unlike mine—what if he did not see things in my light, and regarded as unimportant what I held to be essential—his conduct was orthodox, and the divine standard is "By their fruits ye shall know them." "That friend of mine who lives in God" faithfully served his congregation for twenty-five years, and died in the church building consecrated with his thought, tears and prayers.

Respected for his Christian manhood, admired for his brain, and loved for his heart, his "An Unending Genesis" and "New Tables of Stone" bear testimony to the lasting impression of his life on the many who now mourn his absence.

"Thou shalt be missed, because thy seat will be empty."

Editorial in Unity, June 1, 1905.—Two hours after the dispatch arrived saying that the patient sufferer was at rest came the following letter:

"My dear Jones: It goes without saying that my best blessing is on you and Lincoln Hall for Sunday and for the Congress. My love to you and to all of yours."

Later came the letter from a friend to say that in his last conscious moment he charged the officers of the church "Not to bother Mr. Jones about it in this his busy week."

Surely it was the place for the Editor of Unity to

be, beside that casket, but it was also his place to be with the program which he had called into being at the Abraham Lincoln Centre. And so the last words over the coffin were said by nearer and later friends. On Sunday next, breaking through other engagements, the memorial word will be said in his pulpit by the Editor of UNITY, and the sweet sad hour we hope will be enriched by the presence of many other friends.

This is not the time to speak the fitting word for Henry Simmons. Our readers will be glad to wait, as they can well afford to wait for the more deliberate tribute that may be planned later along. Suffice it at this moment to say that through the friendship of thirty-three years, in the ties of closest intimacy, the freest comradeship, the intimate companionship in work and play, revealed no sordid or sinister element in the winsome character. As scholar, as friend, an interpreter of books or of men, as a student of nature or human nature, he was always satisfying, quickening, stimulating.

Dear comrade of many a tramp, guide into many delightful study walks, revealer of the marvelous, perennial source of good will and cheerfulness, farewell! and yet, not farewell. The world is more lonely to the present writer now that Simmons has passed on, but the way thither seems less formidable and the beyond more real.

Rev. C. W. Wendte, of the Parker Memorial, Boston.—My acquaintance with Henry M. Simmons dates back to the days of my Chicago and Cincinnati ministries, when we were fellow-workers in the Western Unitarian Conference. I learned to know and love, almost to revere him. A rarely gifted mind, with a breadth of culture, literary, and scientific, not often met with in clergymen, he possessed also a brilliant rhetorical imagination and an electric delivery which made him very effective in the pulpit. His particular office to us seemed to be the interpretation of modern science in the terms of the Spirit, and the reconciliation of reason with religion. The sensitive modesty and delicacy of his nature, the loftiness of his ideals, the truly heroic fortitude with which he bore the great trials, the sweetness and charm of his personal intercourse, will long cause him to be remembered with admiration and gratitude among us who were privileged to be his friends. They will make his life a pervasive, abiding influence in the circles he has quickened with his thought and inspired by his example.

Mrs. E. P. Allis, Milwaukee, Wis.—I cannot tell you how it stirs my heart when I hear Henry Simmons' name spoken. The times were many when I wanted to write and tell him how pleasantly I thought of those old days, and how I associated him with one to whom he was very dear, and who is now among the glorified, but I refrained, and now I am so sorry. Why do we so often restrain the kind, loving word and so freely use the critical? In those early days we had grand men speaking and writing for the truth that bringeth life. N. A. Staples, of blessed memory; Samuel Longfellow, for one ever to be remembered summer; William Gannett, R. L. Herbert, Mr. Gordon at his best, and many another who has left his mark in this and neighboring states. We have had good food; if we have not grown broad and strong the fault is our own. Simmons' life was a wonder to me, from first to last—the saintly way he bore the crosses laid on him. I feel the impossibility of saying how deeply I feel the influence of his inspiring life.

Mrs. Clara Ueland.—Mr. Simmons was over-persuaded at one time to have a crayon portrait made of himself. The artist told him she would consider it a great favor to be allowed to make the sketch, and it was understood that he was not expected to buy it. When it was finished the lady, with great confidence, placed a high price upon it, and offered it, first, to the church society and then to its different members, but no one was enthusiastic about it, and although the price was reduced from time to time no purchaser was found and the matter dropped out of sight. Mr. Simmons did not know what became of the portrait, but some years afterwards he was browsing about in a second-hand book store, odds and ends, he came upon his old crayon portrait, and upon a counter covered with odds and ends, he came upon his old crayon portrait, and it bore upon its back the price mark, *seventy-five cents.* He told me this incident with a good deal of amusement and added, "Some day I expect to find that portrait on the five-cent counter and then I'll buy it."

J. G. Mannix, House of Representatives, Minnesota.—To the Officers of the First Unitarian Church: Gentlemen—The simple purpose of this little message is to say to you, who now in a sense represent the departed brother, Henry Martyn Simmons, that in the course of my very extensive experience with men representing different elements of society, I never met a man whom I would put ahead of your late spiritual guardian, in the matter of genuine, honest manliness. I have met all kinds of people in all climes, but there was no man of the many thousand whom I was glad to meet, that I could esteem higher than the kindly, patient, charitable, brainy man whom I fervently pray has gone to the reward we are led to believe is in waiting for the just and true.

Minneapolis Journal.—The Rev. Henry Martyn Simmons, whose death occurred last night, was for twenty years pastor of the First Unitarian church in this city. He had seen it grow from a small society, meeting in a hall, to a large and influential one owning a fine church. He had grown with it and though almost a recluse in his later years his scholarly sermons and fine public addresses on occasions had made him widely known, while his nobility of character had made him greatly beloved. No man had better schooled himself to gentleness; neither insipid nor sentimental, he was a splendid type of the cultivated Christian gentleman. Minneapolis will greatly miss his wit, his scholarship, his devotion and his power.

Charles F. Thwing, President's Room, Western Reserve University, Adelbert College, Cleveland.—I am glad to know that you are to make a memorial of that rare and beautiful spirit, Henry M. Simmons. For he was a rare man; his interpretation of truth was clear and broad, his fearlessness absolute, his confidence that the soul of the universe is kind was complete, and his graciousness in bearing heavy burdens was magnificent. He lived in himself and in his God, but he lived for men.

In all this, his character was beautiful. The beauty took on a certain sacramental relationship. In him beauty was holiness, and his holiness was beautiful.

The Anti-Imperialistic League, Boston, Mass.—At a meeting of the executive committee of the Anti-Imperialist League, held Sept. 7th, at Boston, the following vote was passed:

The executive committee of the Anti-Imperialist League records its sense of the loss which the cause for which the League stands has experienced in the death of its vice-president, Rev. H. M. Simmons, of Minneapolis. His atti-

tude was perfectly true and fearless in opposition to the country's departure, against which we protest, from the established principles and practice of republicanism, and the committee of the League desires to join in the remarkable tribute which has been paid by men of all parties in his native state to his character and convictions.

Reuben Tomlins, Minneapolis, Minn.—An intimate acquaintance for nearly twenty-five years with Henry M. Simmons as preacher and man leads me to say that while I appreciate in full measure his scholarship and fine literary culture, I yet think that the distinguishing mark of his character was his essential manliness, which under no circumstances would permit him to palter with the truth.

He was a *man.* "Take him for all in all, I shall not look upon his like again."

W. W. West, University of Minnesota.—When my thought of Mr. Simmons goes beyond my sense of loss and beyond the genial sweetness and brave patience of his manhood, he stands to me most of all for a rare common sense—a common sense gently humorous, touched to high issues by pervading religious feeling, enlightened by a powerful intellect and by broad culture, and made sweet and wholesome by a deep-veined humanity.

The Liberal Union of Minnesota Women.—*Resolved,* That in the death of Rev. H. M. Simmons, the Liberal Union of Minnesota Women has sustained a severe loss; and be it further

Resolved, That his high character, brave spirit, and lofty ideals will ever be to them a source of love, inspiration and power.

M. J. Miller, Geneseo, Ill.—I regret that I feel unable to write out my tribute of respect to the memory of Rev. H. M. Simmons. I am grateful for, and my heart warms to the royal and loyal heart of a soul who made his path so bright with the higher wisdom of love and goodness. Blessings on his memory.

Z. G. Simmons, Kenosha, Wis.—The bravest man I ever knew.

Religious Garb.

A Sermon by Henry M. Simmons, Printed in the *Minneapolis Times,* March 1, 1897.

"Why take ye thought for raiment?" Matthew vi., 28.

This text is quite worthy of its prominent place in sacred scripture and in Jesus' sermon. Raiment has occupied too much of the world's thought. At best, it is largely an acquired and artificial want. The word "costume" is derived from custom; and the word "habit" in the sense of costume is derived from "habit" in the sense of custom. Clothing is mainly a habit acquired and inherited, and is no such necessity as commonly supposed. Over much of the world it is not needed for warmth. Even in a Minnesota winter we go with our tender cheeks, lips and eyes uncovered to the storms. How far clothing is a habit is seen in the further fact that while our strong men must have fur caps pulled down over their heads, delicate women go through the blizzards with half an ounce of bonnet. Anthropologists say that almost everywhere dress seems to have been developed out of decorations rather than needs. They say it begins with tattooing, paints, rings, feathers, garments—put on not for comfort or concealment but for the supposed beautification of the body. So Captain Speke tells how his African attendants would strut about in their goat skin mantles in fine weather, but in a storm would take them off for safe keeping and go naked. So we read of the annoyance of the missionary whose savage converts wore with great pleasure and pride the garments he provided; but on a rainy Sunday would conscientiously leave them all at home and come to church in the costume of Eden. Out of such beginnings has clothing largely come. Simple paints, rings, girdles and garments have grown into the greatest variety of dress—from the veiled faces of oriental women and cloaked forms of our Roman Catholic sisters, to our most improved Protestant parties where, Paschal says, a pious Mussulman would wonder that Allah "had not long ago poured fire and brimstone on this sinful and shameless generation." This infinite variety of dress has come chiefly from quite other motives than those of comfort. It has come chiefly from quite other motives than those of modesty, and has really been very little aid to morality, scholars say. Dress has been mainly a matter of fashion.

Hence religion has repeatedly rebuked the devotion to it. The prophet Isaiah, 2,600 years ago, rebuked the fashionable women of Jerusalem, with their chains, bracelets, bonnets, head-bands, earrings, nose jewels, changeable suits of apparel, mantles, wimples, veils, crisping pins; he goes through the whole toilet and tells them how little good it will do them. In gentler spirit, Jesus bids his followers "take no thought for raiment," but "consider the lilies of the field, how they grow," and make their fashions follow the simple beauty and grace of nature. The church fathers were ever rebuking the fashion in dress, and Tertullian tells Christians to clothe themselves rather in "the silk of sanctity, the damask of devotion, the purple of piety." But the fashions were too powerful for preaching to reform. Robert Burton tells how it became "an ordinary thing for a man to put a hundred oxen into a suit of apparel, to wear a whole manor on his back." He tells how the women vex and "crucify themselves: sometimes in lax clothes, a hundred yards, I think, in a gown; sometimes again so close that it presses the joints; now long trains and then short—up, down, high, low, thick, thin—now little or no bands, then as big as cart wheels." That famous English book of homilies, adapted to be read instead of sermons in Queen Elizabeth's time, contains one especially against excess of apparel; but Elizabeth herself seems not to have heeded it, and is said to have left three thousand dresses in her wardrobe when she died.

The church has commonly charged most of this devotion to fashion to women. But the charge is hardly just. Heine said the legend of Eve in the garden getting a garment after the fall typified the fact that when woman comes to self-consciousness, the first thing she thinks of is a new dress. But Heine should have remembered that the legend includes Adam, too, and that man is not much behind in this respect. Indeed, that masculine species classified as "dudes" quite outdoes the female devotee of fashion. A statistician is said to have proved by actual count that more men than women are interested in a mirror which happens to stand in a street window, and a photographer tells me that it is not the ladies, but the gentlemen, who most conscientiously fix themselves before sitting for their portraits. Mrs. Livermore doubted if women ever carry vanity quite so far as our masculine and military processions, decked in fuss and feathers, with their ranks of manly breasts stuffed out with cotton. And I have often thought, on Decoration Day and similar occasions, that this bravery of waving plumes and scarlet sashes and gilded epaulettes, to say nothing of the gorgeous valor of a drum major, makes all the millinery windows seem plain and Quaker-like. Certainly, we shall not be justified in limiting our text to women.

Probably the wise preacher will not apply it too fiercely to either sex. He knows that preaching is rather powerless against the fashions. Indeed, he will advocate taking a wise "thought for raiment;" and not merely for health and comfort, but for looks. For beauty has a most refining influence, and any dress which helps or heightens it should receive a blessing from the pulpit. And certainly the preacher should emphasize the precept to "consider the lilies," and should exhort people in their fashions to cultivate more of the natural grace and unconsciousness of the flowers. Society has not yet entirely reached this goal. Even on the streets, fashionent people had on, but without a hint that they said anything, or that all these fine clothes had anything in them at all. Even religion does not always remember its Master's precept to "take no thought for raiment." O. B. Frothingham told of the fashion plate he saw, showing how the robe should fall when the worshiper is kneeling at the altar. And it is said now and then, with some unaccountable freak, disfigures beautiful bodies with artificial shapes, which, if real, the wearer would bemoan with tears, and submit to the most excruciating surgery to get rid of. Fashionable gatherings, too, are not always entirely natural, but sometimes a sort of museum of courtly relics, from the dress coat and white kids which make a gentleman look as if he had left part of his manhood at home to the long trains which may have been beautiful on palatial staircases, but wherein most American girls lose their native grace in the all-absorbing anxiety how they are ever going to turn around.

Doubtless too much thought is given to raiment. We are now and then treated in a morning paper to an account of some party the evening before, telling all about the garments—what they were made of and how they were cut, the trains and the trimmings, the laces and jewels—two columns about what these emi- that there are still even clergymen who would almost as soon doubt the Nicene creed as to repeat it in church without the regulation costume.

Still the world is probably moving toward our text. There is a growing sentiment that a healthy body is of far more account than any brocade that it is wrapped in—that the style of hat is of small consequence compared with the head under it, and that the whole wardrobe weighs nothing against the question whether its wearer has an honest aim and a warm heart. Bodily endurance and strength atone for the poorest clothes. Intellect glorifies any costume and can redeem even rags. Character can make patches more royal than purple. The natural graces of the soul have a glory that outshines the royal robes of Solomon and of all the centuries since. Indeed, the individual who appropriates the world's wealth and labor to waste it in useless dress or anything akin only proves his or her own soul unroyal, ignoble, immoral. Man's worth is in his body and spirit, and as he learns it he takes less "thought for raiment."

But all this is only the surface of the text, and symbolical of a deeper religious truth. For how much of what is commonly called religion is only its raiment. Jesus elsewhere compares fasts and similar ceremonies of his day to "an old garment"; and much of the religious ritual since is of the same order. Bowing heads, bending knees, making signs, receiving sacraments—all such things are a sort of outer raiment for religion. Their practice is in itself muscular—like putting on a coat—and except for the spiritual sentiments behind them is hardly more sacred than dressing. Indeed, if they are without these sentiments, or with any insincerity, dressing seems more sacred. Baptism is holy so long as one believes in it; but baptism without that belief is no more sacramental than the morning bath. Bowing the head as a sign of reverence is a beautiful rite, but if no reverence is felt it is no better than bowing to a friend—hardly so good, for the latter is a sign of brotherhood. Kneeling in adoration is sacred, but without the adoration it is less sacred than the servant girl kneeling to clean the floor. Even the saying of formal prayers is a muscular act, good or not according to the spirit behind it. When the old name for prayers, "beads," as Shakespeare calls them, became therefore the name of the little balls in the rosary, for counting prayers, and then the name of a mere string of globules for decoration, the change typified the way in which formal prayers sometimes lose their sacredness and become a mere fashion with little more religious value than the beads on the bonnets in the pews.

The real prayer is not in the spoken word but in the spirit of devotion which may speak or speak not, as it sees fit. With that spirit the prayer book of the Christian, the prayer mill of the Buddhist, the shouted petition of the revivalist and the silent aspiration of the philosopher are alike sacred. But without that spirit there is no prayer in any words. The words are only part of the religious wardrobe, to be worn or not according to the feeling of the worshiper.

So with all ritual observances and ceremonies. They are only the outer raiment of religion. Fashions in them, as in dress, come down from old times, keeping much that was once of vital use but is no longer so for some people. An antiquarian will go through a wardrobe, showing useless seams and other things which were highly important when our ancestors wore swords. In like manner he will go through a religious ritual, showing some relics about as valuable as the buttons on the backs of our coats or the notches in the lapels. So the ritual costume comes down to us. Most people accept it sincerely and wear it for daily service, and it helps to keep their religion alive and warm. Some put it on only for special occasions, as they do a dress coat for a soiree to be in fashion and prove their respectability. Most people wear the inherited religious costume all their lives. Some outgrow it, find it too tight or torn by a larger thought, and so throw it aside. The latter are commonly charged with having abandoned their religion. But that is not correct. It is not their religion they have abandoned but only its old clothes.

Just as a man is not his raiment but his working body, his thinking head, his feeling heart, so real religion lies not in its ritual but in its daily actions, thoughts and sentiments. These are the true religious forces which originally wove the ritual raiment. They can live without it, too, and will weave better in due time; just as the forests shed their last year's dress in the fall and after going bare all winter will soon make themselves a new one.

But beneath this outer raiment of ritual is an inner one of doctrines. Most of our theological doctrines are like garments—for mental exercise, indeed, rather than muscular, the religious underclothing—but still only garments, and no more a part of real religion than our underwear is of our bodies. Of course, we must not class as such any truth that comes to us from experience or through our own thought and feeling. But all those doctrines imposed from without and accepted just because so imposed are of the nature of raiment.

The fall of Adam, the infallibility of Moses and

David or of some unknown New Testament writer, the miraculous birth from a virgin, the hypostatic union, the eternal reprobation of the heathen—all those doctrines which are taught only by authority are like so much clothing. They are not a part of us and we know with how much trouble they have to be fastened on the child's mind, like his clothes in the morning—pinned into his memory by parent and teacher, while the lad is turned round and round in the routine of repetition to make sure that each dogma is properly hooked and buttoned and will stay. Often it does stay, especially if the child is of the quiet kind, not much given to independent and vigorous thought. But the rugged boy, given to much roaming and climbing, is very apt to get his theological raiment soon worn threadbare and likely enough to show a bad rent in it somewhere, which it will take his mother or minister a long time to mend. And mend as they may, it will probably soon become all too short and small if the lad has much intellectual life and healthy growth.

This which is true of the child is also true of the human race. Again and again in history some theological system has been perfected and put on with the assurance that it would last forever. Again and again it has worn out and had to go. But religion has not been harmed by the change any more than the boy is by outgrowing his clothes. Religion lasts, and however bare it has seemed for a time has always succeeded in getting a larger suit. With all the casting off of rent and ragged theologies religion has been advancing, as the preachers tell us.

After many such outgrowings of old ideas and customs Christianity came. Like most religions, it was in its origin a sort of protest against the former doctrinal dress and ritual fashions—an appeal to the real religion of righteousness and brotherhood. Not only did Jesus compare established religious customs to "an old garment" that had become too weak to be mended with good cloth but he seems to have abandoned most of them. The New Testament tells how he neglected the fasts and baptism, broke the old-fashioned Sabbath, rebuked "vain repetitions" and "much speaking" in prayers and denied many of the doctrines. Nor does he seem to have taken much pains to devise new religious garments but to have trusted to Nature and God for that. He ordains few ceremonies and seems to have taken little more thought for raiment of the mind than of the body. Just as Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like the lilies of the field, so he thought that the religion of Solomon could not compare in glory with the divine and natural religion of the soul. He would not have the soul deck itself in old doctrines but live like the lilies, freely reaching downward into the soil of nature and upward into the light and love of God, and so clothing itself in a natural beauty and grace of its own.

Hence Jesus teaches no theological system. He does not catechise his disciples when they are called, or even inquire whether they have been converted. He does not teach them any creed after they are called. Justice, integrity, love, trust—these seem to have been about all the doctrines he taught.

But little by little Jesus' religion, like every other, got itself clothed in artificial costume. Paul and others begin to teach theological doctrines. They do not, indeed, teach many, and not one of the apostles would have been able to pass a satisfactory examination in a modern theological seminary. It is safe to say that every one of the New Testament writers would have great difficulty in getting ordained to the Christian ministry today. Paul to the last is very indifferent about religious clothing. He calls old ceremonies "beggarly rudiments" from which Christ hath made men free, and he bids them stand fast in that liberty and not be entangled with any such bondage again. He cautions them especially against being bound by Scriptures, since "the letter killeth" and only the freedom of the spirit giveth life. But gradually the Christian religion dressed itself in full doctrinal and ritual raiment, made the Scriptures infallible and taught that eternal life was to be found only in the letter which killeth. In the second and third centuries arose the so-called "Apostles' Creed," a very short and loose garment. In the fourth came the Nicene creed, longer and closer. A few centuries after came the Athanasian creed, a very strait-jacket of the doctrine, declaring moreover that whosoever did not wear it should without doubt perish eternally.

For a long time this costume was worn through Europe, one fashion prevailing nearly everywhere. But with the Renaissance, or new growth of life, it soon became too small and was burst in many a rent. Then many reformers tried their hands in mending, piecing and enlarging it. Luther, Calvin, Cranmer, Wesley, Edwards, Hopkins, and the rest of them, each fixed it in some different way, and generally each was sure that his way was right and would last. Yet each way proved imperfect and has had to be repaired more or less to fit enlarging thought and more natural feelings. That early New England poem picturing the terrible scenes of "The Day of Doom" was long next to the Bible the most popular book in America—"the solace of every fireside." Lowell said and Cotton Mather said it would remain popular till the day of doom itself. Yet it has been so outgrown that there is probably not a copy in Minnesota, and many preachers deny that its teachings were ever taught. Many a doctrine of that day is now ignored by half the clergy. Lyman Abbott has lately been publishing in a religious paper an eulogy of evolution which would have been denounced as flat atheism fifty years ago. Many churches frankly admit that the old religious raiment is getting rent. Some have sought to cover the rents with ritualistic ribbons, but with little acceptance to vigorous Christians. Even in one of the most conservative denominations there has been much talk of revising the Westminster confession, and probably one of the reasons for not attempting it is the fear that, like the "old garment" of Jesus' figure, it would not stand the mending; but, as he said, the rents would only be made worse. And so among many sects there is growing silence about theology and rituals, and a return to the question, "Why take ye thought for raiment" in religion?

We welcome the change, for with all the good that such raiment has done it has probably done more harm. It has done this, in the first place, by separating people into hostile parties. They have often quarreled for no other reason than that they wore different uniforms. Men whose religious principles were almost the same have butchered each other for some doctrine or ceremony which had little more to do with real religion than did the coats on their backs. Priests have sometimes even encouraged such quarrels. Few mothers are quite so foolish as to urge their boys to fight others who wear shorter sleeves or less buttons. But mother church has sometimes urged hers to suppress all who did not wear the family dress. She has stirred up some contentions which, in the distance of the past, look much like childish quarrels about clothes. She has sometimes even tried to burn up the irregular clothing and the wearers

with it. Such times are past, of course. The church has divided into so many companies that mutual charity has necessarily grown. The companies are, indeed, still disposed to keep apart and greet each other somewhat coldly; and when a heretic passes rather scantily clad he is apt to be ignored. There is still a little of the old spirit in places, though whatever persecution remains is by freezing instead of fire. But with the growing disregard for doctrinal dress, even this will disappear and all Christian sects will see their brotherhood not only with each other but with heretics and heathen. They will cease to try to get the world into uniform and freely allow every man to dress as she prefers. Nothing will more advance true peace and unity than this principle to take no thought for raiment in religion. The growing indifference to rituals and dogmas, sometimes deplored, is really the downfall of the walls from which men have warred against each other, and clears the way for a wider and truer brotherhood.

Another reason for welcoming the change is that it brings deeper thoughts and turns the attention away from superficial features to the righteousness and reverence which are the real substance of religion. Too many people have been wont to think the raiment is itself the religion. They have been wont to ask not whether a man shows an upright life, large thoughts, noble sentiments, a charitable spirit, but whether he accepts the current theology and conforms to the ceremonies. It is too much like the shallow people in society who judge everybody by his clothing. This standard makes religion too much like the dandy, or even the dummy on which are hung stylish coats and cloaks. I have only a limited admiration for the wax ladies in the shop windows, though they do have so perfect features and lovely complexions and wear such beautiful things. We want the daughter of Zion made of warmer and more vital material, with beating heart and active brain, whatever her doctrinal dress. It is the character beneath the costume that makes religion. And character shows better without much style. We read how a foppish young doctor once engaged Gilbert Stuart to paint his portrait, and at the appointed time appeared in the artist's studio arrayed most perfectly and with hair in sleekest order. Stuart gave him not the slightest attention but worked on as if nobody were there. Finally the doctor asked if he was not ready to begin to paint. "Paint," said the artist. "I do not see anything to paint." Then he took hold of the doctor, pulled his coat one way and his cravat the other and poked his hair into a state that would have ruined his reputation at any reception. "There," said Stuart, "now you may sit; now I begin to see you."

The standard religious portrait has been too much like a fashion plate and we are glad that a freer thought and more natural feeling is rumpling its costume and calling for character. Religion all lies in the spirit and the life. It is said that a girl once held out her hand to Wesley to show him the rich ring she wore. "Is not that beautiful?" said she. Wesley quietly replied, "The hand is very beautiful." Christianity is today jeweled with wealth and foremost in fashion, but its beauty is not in these things. Its beauty is in the unadorned hand wherewith it works its manifold charities and good deeds. Hands that work to bless the world and clasp other hands in brotherhood, hearts warm with sympathy and love, minds open to all truth, and souls reverent toward everything great and good—these are the life of religion. Why take so much thought for its raiment?

THE STUDY TABLE.

New Tables of Stone, by Henry M. Simmons. Boston: James H. West Company, 1904.

If we must have denominations,—and they have their use, after all,—it is something to belong to a little one that within a single twelve-month has given to the public two such books of sermons as Henry Simmons' "New Tables of Stone" and Samuel Calthrop's "God and His World." Fifty years ago neither book would have been possible,—so many of the ideas inside of them hardly existed then, least of all for utterance in the pulpit. Sermons, yet both are books of science; science, yet both are books of sermons. Good in themselves, the best of them is that they are prophetic; they show what is coming,—religion made glorious as never hitherto by knowledge of the universe, and vision of a universe seen holier through and through than man has ever dreamed.

Yet the books are quite unlike. Mr. Calthrop writes with startling intimacy of atoms and vortices, rotations and occlusions and "spirit-substance," and calls it all "sermons on evolution." He sets forth a theory of Nature. Mr. Simmons quietly assumes his unity and evolution, delights in shining facts, makes picturesque little journeys after them into the recesses of the snow-flake or the chlorophyll, and uses Nature to suggest parables of spiritual meaning. Both are poetic; but Calthrop glows, while Simmons sparkles. Calthrop throbs with the emotion of his thought, but his readers may not always find it easy to make his thought their own; though this may only be because the vortices have so recently arrived upon our shores and do not speak our language yet. Simmons is clear and cold. His word hits its thought-mark like a bullet. His argument climbs and outlines itself like a skeleton structure of steel against blue sky. Any one can follow it; and, once consenting to his premises, it is hard not to follow on to his conclusion, whether one will or not. The architecture of his sermons is worth study as an example of unusual style. He decorates his page, too, with quotations ample and admirable as Emerson his in the later days,—so good and apt that readers will fain slip them into pocket for occasions of their own.

He calls the fifteen sermons in this book "essays," conscious, perhaps, that they are not "sermons" in that highest sense which makes the sermon a direct appeal to life. Doubtless he preached life-sermons; and now and then in these, when he let his heart go—as he always does when he wars against war, for instance,—we catch a tone of pleading and of satire and of onset which must have rung out on many a public question. But in the cluster gathered here the address is to the mind and the imagination rather than the heart, the conscience, the will. They are certainly fitted to enlarge and illumine the mind, and they often spread beauty like a landscape before it. If they are samples of his average preaching, the faithful ones during his twenty-four years in the Minneapolis church had rare opportunities for education in the truth that maketh free. Five or six of them are elaborate parables from Nature and quite perfect of their kind. That which gives title to the volume, "New Tables of Stone," is the parable of the crystal and the snow-flake. "New Leaves of Scripture," the parable of the green leaf. The same hand, the same art, the same religiousness are manifest in them that, as long ago as 1882, wrote that unique little Sunday School manual called "The More Wonderful Genesis,"—no manual, but a prose-poem of Creation. From Jesus'

"Sower" he takes the "seed" to grow a new parable of his own. His method is to first describe the miracle out there in Nature, the snow-star or the seed, and then unfold in varied ways its ethics and its gospel. In "The Breath of Life," for instance, he reminds us that breathing is literally burning, deeper breathing faster burning, and yet is the very process of vitality; hence the lesson, with successive illustrations from the vegetable, the animal, the social, the ideal, the religious worlds, that death is the method of all life: then "why assume that death ends us, when it is the essence of every breath, and the very thing that keeps us from ending?" In "The Water of Life" the theme is Religion: when a water-supply is polluted, it can either be filtered ("revision of creeds"), or recourse be had to the stream above the point of pollution ("back to Christ"), or another supply can be sought in some distant lake ("theosophy," perhaps); yet all the time the pure water that men want is falling from heaven and filling subterranean reservoirs, only waiting to be lifted by them to the surface (the fountains within the soul; "righteous principles gathered from the experience of the ages, filtered by centuries of trial, and stored up in the deepest and best instincts of human nature").

Not all the sermons are parables. Whatever his theme, he tells a great deal in his half-hour, for he gives only clean-cut, net results of wide reading and shrewd thinking. Business men and lawyers ought to enjoy this book. From "The Rise and Fall of Satan" a busy man could learn much in short metre about the varying explanations of evil in Nature. "The Enlarging Thought of God" is a tiny course in Christian theology, from the Jehovah who "was walking in the garden in the cool of the day" to the God "whom to define is to deny"—

> "Thou so far, we grope to grasp thee,
> Thou so near, we cannot clasp thee."

"The Divinity of Man" is a similar miniature, a psalm of science on the glory of the Human. His story of "Jonah" exalts the little book from a joke to a noble fiction designed to teach toleration in religion, —an Old Testament foreshadowing of "the Good Samaritan's" story.

One of his best of this kind is "Christianity Then and Since." It should be made a tract for broadcast sowing. In an earlier and somewhat different form, it *was* a tract, published years ago in the west under the title, "The Religion of Jesus." In contrast to what the creeds of Christendom say of him, the nearer we get to Jesus himself, the better he appears—is his theme. To find this real Jesus he leads us from the Church doctrines to the New Testament; from the common version of the Testament to the revised, which omits the spurious citadel-texts; in that, go back of Paul, great as he was, to the Gospels; and in these, to the three Synoptics, so curiously devoid of teachings like "depravity of human nature," "vicarious atonement," "deity of Christ"; and in them to what should surely show best his religion, Jesus' "Sermon on the Mount." There we get the nearest to himself. According to that sermon, who were his "blessed ones," and blessed without hint of theologic faith conditioning the blessing? To prove the truth of the Trinity, the Westminster Confession quotes eighty-one Bible texts,—not one from his own Sermon; to prove man's fall and his depravity, it quotes sixty-eight,—not one from the great Sermon; to prove its doctrines of justification and salvation, it quotes ninety-six texts,—only one from the Sermon, and that one tending to disprove the doctrine. Jesus not only omits these doctrines, but by implication denies them, making no personal claims for himself, and teaching God's impartial goodness. Then he contrasts with the Sermon the wrangling Eastern Church of early time, the persecuting Western Church of later time, the easy-going modern Church insisting on its wars. And his result: the real Jesus, nobler than all the exalting creeds have made him, was a great and beautiful soul, a spiritual teacher of the highest order, a Messiah and Son of God indeed.

One other sermon may be noted, probably his last on any great public occasion; for "The Cosmic Roots of Love" is (with some additions in the book) the address he gave before the National Unitarian Conference two years ago, when friends who listened to it could see the coming shadow already on his face. The fine title is borrowed from one of John Fiske's last papers, his Phi Beta Kappa address on the ethical aim in Nature. Fiske seemed to locate these roots in the prolonged infancy and nestling motherhood of mammalian life,—the suggestion for which he liked to claim a kind of discoverer's-rights. But Simmons, making this his mere starting-point, traces the "roots" back to the bird, the ant, the sponge, the flower, the algæ, the chemic wedding of molecules in the crystal and the dew-drop—nor ceases there: "I fancy there may yet come some poet-philosopher who will commence his ethical study, not with Scripture, not even with human souls or lowest cells or solar systems,—but back of them all, with the first movement of matter toward union. He will read in the lines of the gathering nebula a heavenly scripture already revealing the law of love and in every star a prophecy of Christ. He will simply trace this cosmic principle of *union* through its advancing phases in creation." Then turning, the preacher traced the principle *upward* through the organizations of society—herd, family, tribe, nation, internationality, the *Pax Romana;* this last joining Israel's love-ward movement, in which, with Jesus, brotherhood became the essence of religion. He notes the fall of the uniting empire; and how Christianity fell worse, from its high ideals of harmony to things that divided; yet how through all its ferocities and bigotries it remained a unifying force in Europe's history. He glances at the secular co-operations, reviving with the Renaissance, and gathering vast momentum in the trade and industries of modern civilization. He pauses long over the strange mingling of battlefields and standing armies with peace conventions, arbitration movements and rising sympathies of a thousand kinds, in our last century. But he sees the principle victorious, and foresees it shaping the laws and characterizing the religion of the morrow. And thus he closes: "The great Kant adored two wonders,—the stars above, and the moral law within. But the two wonders are one, and all the more wonderful because one. The moral law within is the higher music of the same law which 'the morning stars sang together,' and have been singing ever since. It is sung ever more clearly through creation,—from solar systems up to human society, from nebular mist up to minds that outshine the stars, and to souls and sentiments that hope to outlast the stars. It has brought love. Rather, it is love, and has been love from the first. Its lesson is to work for love now, and to trust the Love eternal."

A noble close this for a preacher's rounded life, had these been the last words on his lips. But twice after these he saw the snow-flake, twice the green leaf of his parables, before the brave struggle ended and the quiet came.

W. C. GANNETT.

MR. SIMMONS' LAST BOOK.

This memorial issue of UNITY would scarcely be complete without some record of the wide and varied appreciation met by Mr. Simmons' last published volume, "New Tables of Stone, and Other Essays." Great happiness came to him in preparing this collection of sermons or papers, and in seeing it through the press; and the glad coöperation of his friends and co-workers in Minneapolis, who made the publication possible, was very dear to him. He looked upon the volume as, in some degree, the expression and consummation of his life's fine endeavor; thus the written or printed appreciation of his friends, and of leading critics and editors, was doubly a satisfaction to him, showing to him that he had not labored in vain. Yet, withal, he was modest about the notices, and, when several especially fine commendations had reached him from eminent people, he wrote to his publisher: "At this rate we can soon make a good showing. If they will only keep on, you and I will be glad we published the book!"—as if he had not been glad in it every moment!

When the printing of the volume was begun, it was not known or thought that he would live to see the completed book. It was the hope, however, of the committee in charge that he might do so, and the work was hastened with this end in view. To those parishioners whose admiration for the man and for his ability, and for his spirit of courage under many hard besetments, led them to conceive the project of the volume, the knowledge that he lived to take the book in his hands, and to be happy in it while alive, must now be a matter of tender self-gratification. Their words and deeds of regard for him at and since his funeral mean much, but, with this volume and his joy in it in mind, they realize as would not otherwise be possible that

"A rose to the living is more
Than sumptuous wreaths to the dead.
In filling love's infinite store,
A rose to the living is more,
If graciously given before
The hungering spirit is fled—
A rose to the living is more
Than sumptuous wreaths to the dead."

All who, twenty years ago, read Mr. Simmons' little book, "The Unending Genesis," will recall its originality, its insight, its brightness. The demand for more from him was constant, but he never responded to it. In the present volume of fifteen terse, interesting papers each essay has its special charm. The "parables" and abundant allusions speak the poet's mind and heart, and the reader goes on and on with no thought of tiring. Every page sparkles.

No editorial comment is necessary in connection with the excerpts which follow, except to state that most of them are brief extracts from long reviews or letters:

Having just read the "New Tables of Stone," I cannot resist the impulse to congratulate the author. Both as to material and style it has delighted me. I have just ordered half a dozen copies to send to friends.—HON. ANDREW D. WHITE.

A revelation of spiritual insight as sweet and fine as ever saw the light.—REV. SAMUEL A. ELIOT, D. D., President of the American Unitarian Association (in the *Christian Register*).

It is a noble book—a vital, inspiring, uplifting message. Had the author done nothing else, it would have made his life a notable success.—DR. C. T. STOCKWELL (author of "New Modes of Thought," etc.).

I have read the book, and partly reread it, with increasing delight. It is full to the brim of noble and inspiring thoughts. Each essay seems better than the last.—PROF. ERNEST W. HUFFCUT (Dean of the Law Department of Cornell University).

The whole book is fresh and fine and tonic, but I especially value the essay on "The Cosmic Roots of Love." That is precisely what needed to be written. The most imperative truth—the truth commonly and mischievously neglected—in the doctrine of evolution, I have never seen put so well in brief as in this paper by Mr. Simmons. It belongs with Fiske's "Destiny of Man" and "Idea of God," and presents certain inspiring aspects of the evolutionary philosophy in a stronger and profounder way than those essays.—EDWIN D. MEAD.

A sun-lit volume. . . . Radiant with science, humanity, and religion.—JENKIN LLOYD JONES (in UNITY).

Mr. Simmons is no "catcher-up of unconsidered trifles;" all his subjects are profoundly meditated, and he takes into his treatment matter drawn from a wide range of scientific knowledge, literary culture, and critical investigation. . . . Large and fruitful thoughts.—JOHN W. CHADWICK (in the *New York Times*).

One of the most beautiful and inspiring of volumes, published by a house justly noted for its care in publishing only the best. The book contains fifteen essays on regilious subjects, each subject being treated with a high order of intelligence and with great force and clearness of style. The essay on "The Book of Jonah" is a model for breadth, charity and genuine religious fervor—not the fervor of bigotry or cant, but of brotherly love. The very titles of the essays are full of inspiration:

New Tables of Stone; Unity Through Diversity; New Leaves of Scripture; 'The Cosmic Roots of Love;' An Old Parable Extended; The Divinity of Man; The Water of Life; The Book of Jonah; The Breath of Life; The Sin in a Census; The Rise and Fall of Satan; The Enlarging Thought of God; Christianity Then and Since; Various Meanings of Easter; The New Year of Religion.

If any more desirable book for general reading has been issued this year, it has not come to the reviewer's notice.—*Boston Transcript.*

If any one still wants intellectual, ethical, and spiritual reading—unsensational, unaffected, but absolutely noble, sane, and beautiful—let him get "New Tables of Stone, and Other Essays," by Henry M. Simmons; published by that noticeable introducer of good things, the James H. West Company, of Boston. Every essay is of present-day interest, and is brilliantly alive with thought and feeling of the highest order. Mr. Simmons is prophet, teacher, and poet all in one and all together. He is evidently a keen and sensitive observer, and is well in the front as one who notes all the movements of the day. His essays are therefore more practical than theoretical, and more like great Sermons on the Mount than studies spun out with the help of midnight oil. "The Various Meanings of Easter" is a fine presentation of the undying hope, with the help of scientific conclusions concerning the powers of invisible and intangible things.—*Light* (London).

A book of rare charm, both in substance and form. An unusual brightness and a cheerful but telling wit leave no page to be skipped in the reading.—From a column editorial in the *Springfield Republican.*

All who are interested in a rational, reverent, wholesome appreciation and interpretation of this present life, and of the many wonders which surround us . . . ought to read this book.—*Christian Register.*

Each essay is a gem. Every page glows with the beautiful facets of living truth.—*Journal of Education.*

Very far from the commonplace. They exhibit an attractive freshness of presentation, fitting to familiar principles, new forms of statement and new modes of illustration. —*The Outlook.*

Charming in style and rich in illustration, drawn from a wide range of modern reading and research. Fascinating Nature-teachings. The author shows rare learning, acuteness of method in statement, and poetic insight in application.—*The Watchman.*

Every one of the fifteen essays sparkles with beautiful and suggestive thoughts. They reveal the mind of the poet and the seer, as well as the skill of the polished essayist.—*Wisconsin State Journal.*

One rises from reading the volume with his love of Nature and of his brother man quickened and informed by its all-pervading sweetness and light.—*Racine Daily Times.*

It is a rare book—one of the sort that having been read will be picked up again and reread with interest.—*Utica Daily Press.*

A lady of Ithaca, N. Y., the wife of one of the most eminent professors at Cornell University, wrote:

I have enjoyed every word; nothing so beautiful and true has ever come to me since the happy days when we heard and read Mr. Beecher's helpful words.

A customer writes:

I wish to secure a dozen copies, for distribution at home and abroad. If possible, thank Mr. Simmons for me for such opportune words. Could they have come when Theodore Parker was a resident of Syracuse, N. Y., they would have helped him, and, with him, many dear friends of my own now long gone to their rest, who lamented that they could not do for the world what should be done and now, in this book, has been.

EXTRACTS FROM PRIVATE LETTERS.

H. M. S. TO J. LL. J.

APRIL 21, 1885.—I'm poor as an Apache and growing poorer every week and can't give anything to your church (the old All Souls church). But here's enough to buy a keg of nails. Please have each nail marked with my name.

AUGUST 27, 1886.—Concluded my botany August 31, having within two months identified seven hundred plants and over seventy grasses. Turned religious September first and now don't know a milk-weed from a mullein.

DEC. 28, 1886.—Business or no business, I intend to write you once in a while and send you my love, and the last month of the year is the safest time to make good resolutions, as one of my parishioners said the other day, who had not been to church before in six months.

APRIL 27, 1887.—Come up and stay Sunday, May 8, and preach for me. I can't go to the conference yet, but will preach for you, for I asked him without saying so and he implied that he could. So do it, do it! Then you won't have to be in such a hurry. Save both me and yourself the bother of getting up a sermon that Sunday, do my audience more good than they have had done them this long time, and do your duty besides.

MAY 21, 1887.—Dwelling house moved from church lot, trees cut down and excavation begun. (For the Minneapolis church.) Heaven only knows what will come of it.

OCTOBER 11, 1887.—No, I am going to be too busy (to attend the dedication at Hillside). Our folks have raised my salary and say I have got to begin now to try to earn it. So I am settling down to work like a man, and am promising myself the pleasure of paying off my debts and henceforth cultivating a clean moral character, and you are not to throw any dedication or other obstacle in the way. Everything is looking well at present. The pew-selling has not so far had the disastrous result I feared, but both audiences and collections have been better the last month than ever before.

FEB. 15, 1888.—With regard to contributions I did not mean to ask any more for that purpose or anything else, as I hate that work and my friends always tell me I make a failure of it. But if the gospel can not get along without an occasional inch or two from me, I will submit to be trepanned once in a while.

SEPT. 13, 1888.—Yours of the 6th received. I will try to send two or three notes a week—and am indeed much readier to do that than get up the editorial at longer intervals. Have not got rested from vacation yet, nor my brain working for the year—but am getting started. Am wallowing in vanity this week—and here is what's the matter (see clipping). Think of the venerable and beloved Dr. —— following at my coat tail with his reduced portrait. If you have recovered you want to take it easier this year and keep so. A man who works as you do deserves to die.

NOVEMBER 24, 1888.—To save time, you are welcome to my opinion about the whole thing. I would not hold out any olive branch to anybody, as you have not made war on anybody. I would not take back anything, as you have not said anything that needs taking back. I would go straight ahead and act as if I were the whole Western Conference. If the seceders come back and carry through any scheme—even to electing a pope—why let them, and we won't secede till we are excommunicated. If, as is now likely, they do not come back, why we'll go ahead without them; and if the W. U. C. gets reduced to your church and mine—why, we will still hold its annual meeting and claim to be the consummate flower of its history; and if we can't get any other place to meet, why there is room enough in that burnt pine woods between Clam River Falls and Arbuckle's. We can keep up the honor of the concern; but we should have to do it without money. All right—do it without money! Give up the Western Secretary, and use whatever pence can be raised to eke out the proceeds of the publishing business. Print what we can and keep its spirit true and its quality high and not try to do too much. And if worst comes to worst, then make a ninety-nine years' contract with the *Register* to keep the word UNITY printed in the right hand upper corner in as big letters as we can afford—and I'll pawn my watch to help pay for it. And we'll get a banner inscribed W. U. C., and write UNITY on it in white on a field of azure, and we'll parade the country with it; starting in front of ——— church and bringing up at 25 Beacon street, and so continuing as long as our crutches hold out.

That is my idea. Now what is yours?

OCT. 16, 1893.—Can not you send up some able Buddhist or wicked Hindu to speak for me some Sunday and perhaps a week day or two? I would pay his railroad expenses and keeping and would try to raise something else for him if necessary and possible. Can't you send us a Mohammedan too? or a Dahomey—we'll pay the freight of his fetishes.

NOV. 25, 1895.—Thanks for your letter and trouble. I return the "Chorus of Faith." If you had any vanity, you would remember that I had received a copy of that book and had reviewed it in UNITY with gushing praise; and it may bring you consolation to know that I sent my copy to an orthodox cousin in the east to convert her. Such faith I had in it.

MAY 3, 1896.—After writing you last night, I was filled with remorse lest I had been mean and might make you some trouble. Hence, out of pure love to you, I have decided to sacrifice my pride and send this stuff. And now that I have become so nice, do you be too and not put the picture in. I will bring a photo for you to use, if you must, after you have pictured the many people who have done more for UNITY than I have.

JULY 20, 1896.—I hope you will have a healthy and happy vacation, and don't work so hard for once. I'm taking it easy although I've read some five hundred pages of Greek since my vacation began. I was glad to see by UNITY that you stopped with ———; he is a most remarkable man.

JAN. 18, 1899.—You do not appreciate the difficulties of the thing. It is very pleasant to read Greek tragedies to oneself in an amateur way; but I have not any hope I could make them interesting to others, and all my recent lecturing expeditions have been such an evident disappointment to the hearers that I have got sick of it. It is only out of friendship for you that I am willing to try two or three. I should say his "Iphegenia in Aulis" and Medeia, or anything else you may like on reading your new volumes. I do not think so much of Alkestis on second reading; it is too sentimental with all that bed business and is a half farce at any rate, the scholars say, and I'm rather surprised Browning made so much of it. I cannot tell you a thing about translations, and should myself, in selections, translate from the original with the utmost literalness, more literally than any printed translation does. I think that is the best way when reading aloud and having a chance to help out the meaning by inflection. It gets nearer to the Greek mind. But in that, or any case, it would be much better if the hearer had read or studied before a freer translation; and probably a metrical one would make it more interesting to him. So go on and do as you want and give me your orders, but remember, only two or three at most. Literary criticism is not my forte, except in savage onslaughts. I have just been reading Max Nordau, and am delighted with the way he pitches into Ibsen, and though he dreadfully exaggerates, I think he is half right. Not that I would censure Ibsen (whose power is very evident) so much as I would the public that is infatuated by his pictures of weak men and wicked women. So long as he has such a public, let him exploit them.

I do not know enough about English literature to pick ten poems—my list would pass over too many "best" poems that I never even read. But all the same, my affection to you personally remains; and to all your family, whose kindness to me always has been appreciated.

JUNE 10, 1897.—Why will you talk so about the "Concert of the Powers?" But for them Turkey would have wiped Greece clean off the map this summer. A UNITY and "Chorus of Faith" man ought to be thankful that at last we have a "concert" of Europe for any purpose—especially for preventing war—even if the motive were mostly financial, as indeed the main motive of concerts generally is. I doubt if Greece wanted to free Crete so much as to own it; and her fiery and fickle course this summer has shown that the Powers were wise in not encouraging her interference. I do not like Turkey any better than you do; but if you were a European statesman you would find that the Eastern problem is a prickly one.

H. M. S. TO W. C. G.

AUGUST 10, 1904.—Scandalous, isn't it? The way I have not even thanked you for your so kind letter and nice book last spring. I have always intended to to-morrow, but have put it off, being half sick (not suffering enough to speak of, but weak and good for nothing). I am better now and trying to catch up. No, it is not twenty-five years yet, but will be twenty-three next month since I came here the first Sunday. It has not been a case of virtue, however, but mainly of inertia and rust. It is simply astonishing how little I have done here, and I daily wonder at the delusion of my friends. You amuse me by speaking as if you were deaf, when I saw you only last fall using a trumpet—as I never do. Still you have the worst of it, the effort at hearing; while I now sit back at my ease and either make them write or catch a little from the lips, and with now and then a person catch a good deal. I more and more see the compensation in deafness, escaping so much that would otherwise be expected of me, and I often say I would not know what to do with ears if I had them. I often think of you and the old times.

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THE FIELD.

The World is my Country, to do good is my Religion."

Moral and Spiritual Creations.

In the social growth, mercy also enlarges. That tenderness which we saw taught at the mammal's breast extends in the human family not only to children, but to children's children, and widens to remoter relatives. In its spread it binds the tribe in mutual sympathy, and the nation with kindlier feelings; it ripens at last in humaner sentiments, and bears fruit in generous charities, which know no distinctions of nation or race.

The useful are also crowned with finer arts. Beauty, taught in nature's forms and hues, and in the animal tastes that profit by them, receives ever higher regard. The foul hut grows to the tasteful home, and the rude clay idol to sculptured decorations. Out of very butchery rises beauty. The war paint comes to color rich pictures; and the savage bow, adding string to string, literally grows into the harp and the piano.

Literature comes with still more beautiful creations. Language, like a larger nervous system of society, communicates the various experiences from member to member and from generation to generation. Libraries, like a longer-lived brain, accumulate knowledge, thoughts and feelings, and keep them more safely than memory, from age to age. So literature, rising from fierce war songs and legends, comes to weave truths in ideal creations, which preserve the noblest sentiments and hopes and inspire still nobler ones.

Religion also rises ever higher. Beginning in bloody sacrifices to feed and appease angry gods, it grows to see its ideal in a humane Buddha or Jesus, who taught universal mercy, and to find its true sacrifice and service in acts of self-denial for others. The sentiment of worship grows, too. Beginning in fear of a weak God "walking in the garden," it rises into reverence of a Spiritual Presence, unseen indeed, but ever "amongst the trees" and everywhere, walking in paths of Law,—but not the less in paths of Love. For this creation we have traced, wrought ever through Atttraction;—wedding matter in suns, and suns in systems; wedding atoms in molecules, molecules in crystals and cells, and cells in living creatures; wedding sexes in flowers and families, and families in tribes and nations; wedding husband and wife, parent and child, friend and friend, in links of love which outlive the grave, and which are ever lengthening to bind mankind in peace and brotherhood;—this creation shows a profounder meaning in the old truth that "God is Love." This All-Father, ever enfolding his offspring more closely,—from matter warmed in suns, and animals warmed with life, to the human mother warmed with love,—though too great to show favor or fondness, seems yet to speak with a wiser than maternal tenderness: "Can a woman forget her nursing child? Yea, they may forget, yet will I not forget thee."

And in this growth of religion, the Sabbath becomes more sacred. We keep its "rest," for rest is proclaimed in a law of human nature, older than Babylonian legends or Accadian star-worship. We keep the humaner meanings of "refreshment" and social recreation, which the Hebrews gave the day. But still more sacredly we keep the reverence to which the Sabbath has been consecrated. And as we lose its old sanction, and see that the Creator has never "rested from all his work," but "worketh hitherto" and now and forever, in this Infinite Creation, our reverence grows beyond the Sabbath and fills the week. The "seventh day" of the story, like the others, becomes ever present. In the midst of this Unending Genesis, and embosomed in this Eternal Law, Life and Love, we feel that every day is "blessed and sanctified."

—*From Mr. Simmons' Unending Genesis.*

New Leaves of Scripture.

Theocritus sang the "sweet whispering" of the pine; and, long before him, a Greek poet told how "the plane-tree whispers to the elm in spring." Such whisperings were also thought divine. Pliny said the trees were the earliest dwellings of the gods. * * *

Most plants are all innocence. In Stevenson's fable, the visitor from another plant, after inspecting our various forms of life, concluded that trees, with their calm and gentle ways, are the noblest people on earth. When we think, further, how plants provide for all other life, they seem to be an embodied beneficence and to teach quite as good lessons as any church.

Plants even teach that lesson of *unity* which churches have been rather slow to learn. Some religious sects have been prone to think themselves quite distinct from the rest of the human race—an exceptional species of plant, kept apart in the conservatory of a special providence—while all others form but a vile wilderness, Satan's swamp, perhaps growing only to feed the infernal fires. Such beliefs are quite corrected by botany, which shows the kinship and unity of all vegetable life. The leaves, through all their myriad sizes and shapes, are formed of the same cells, and are working in the same way. The varied flowers, with all their parts, are but "metamorphosed leaves." All the vegetable species, from mosses up to majestic pines—from the sacred cedars of Lebanon and the olive trees about Jerusalem, down to the microscopic desmid in the ditch—have yet grown from the same elements, just as all the varied religions from the same sentiments. All are subject to the same laws, all fostered by the same light, all filled with the same life. Better than any creed in the world do plants proclaim the truth of unity and brotherhood.

Do they not proclaim even a truer *theology*—a better *God?* Science may indeed ignore this name; but that is largely a matter of language. The poet, describing the beauties of October, adds:

> "Some of us call it Autumn,
> And others call it God."

How much better a God is taught by the plants than by much of the preaching! Lowell lamented that the old Greeks, with their "beautiful beliefs"—such as that "which gave a Hamadryad to each tree"—had been displaced by men teaching Satan's "horn and hoof" and "the witch's broomstick," and

> "Fearing their God as if he were a wolf
> That snuffed round every home and was not seen."

But better than Greek Hamadryads, or than nymphs of any faith, is the power seen in every tree and making the whole vegetable world so beneficent that Emerson defined even weeds as plants whose virtues had not yet been found out. The forests correct our faith. A far better God is proclaimed in the summer foliage than in the pious old folios.

Think of the leaves that men have published, representing their God as a monster who saves a few favorite children and sends all the rest to eternal torture. Contrast such leaves with these published by the Creator himself every spring, to bring blessing impartially to all creatures. Seeing how they work all summer to sweeten the air and fill the earth with food, to make "grass to grow for cattle and herb for the service of man," and to build the trees where the "fowls of heaven have their habitation" and "sing among the branches," we feel that they are as good "leaves of Scripture" as any ever written. "Love-letters from God," a poet called them; and when, one autumn day, a falling leaf dropped in my letter-box at the door, I fancied that, if I could read it fully, it would be a richer epistle than postman ever brought or apostle ever penned.

Nor does the death of the leaves darken their lesson. A noted botanist calls their fall, not a breaking-off, but a "process of growing off." Their season's work is done, and Nature brings a growth that gently separates them from the tree. If they "fade," it is often into new glory, as we have seen—much as men do in the esteem of their friends when they die. When they fall, it is to go dancing through the streets and waltzing with the wind, as if rejoicing in their liberty, like children released from school. Even when trodden under foot, it is only to restore their mineral matter to earth for growth again; while their real life lives on and has not fallen at all. It is only their dried skeletons that fall. The substances which made their life have all been withdrawn before they drop, and are securely stored away in stems and roots and seeds, to survive the winter and rise again in the buds and fruits of another year. They, too, proclaim, "O grave, where is thy victory?"

Thus do the summer leaves reveal, more sweetly than the whisperings of Aristophanes' plane-tree or Theocritus' pine, lessons of life and love; and even in their fall and decay are still "leaves of Scripture."

—*Extract from Mr. Simmons' New Tables of Stone.*

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Dedication of the Minneapolis Unitarian Church, June 5, 1887

Minister: Let us dedicate this House which we have built, to the divine and undying sentiment of the soul, that has raised temples in every age and land, and is the source of all the religions of mankind.

People: We dedicate this as another Temple to the universal and ever-enduring Religion, whose manifold ways make but one worship.

Choir: All nations of men whom Thou hast made,
Shall raise their worship to Thee, O Lord.

Minister: Let it be consecrated to the worship of the Infinite One whose "greatness is unsearchable" and beyond the highest name or thought, but who dwells in all men and counts all as his children.

People: To the "One God and Father of all, over all and through all and in all," we dedicate this House.

Choir: He is not far from every one of us,
For in him we live and have our being.

Minister: Let religion here be unfettered by forms, since "God is a Spirit, and they who worship him must worship him in Spirit and in Truth."

People: Not to the letter that killeth, but to the Spirit that giveth life we dedicate this House—to the freest and fullest thought, and to the sincere service of truth.

Choir: The Lord will be with thee, fear not;
Serve him in sincerity and truth.

Minister: Let all who gather here learn that God's great earthly name is Justice, and that his truest worship is to remove wrongs and relieve the oppressed.

People: To the holy religion of human justice, which seeks first to "let the oppressed go free and break every yoke," we dedicate these walls.

Choir: Defend the afflicted and fatherless;
Deliver the poor and the needy.

Minister: Let all learn that his deeper name is Love—that "every one who loveth is begotten of God," and every one "who dwelleth in love dwelleth in God and God in him."

People: To human love, which "is the fulfilment of the law," and which makes every one who shares it another "Son of God" and truer "temple of God," we dedicate this House.

Choir: If we love one another, God dwelleth in us,
And his love is perfected within us.

Minister: Let this love bring its peace and unity to all within these walls, and its charity toward all without. Let it inspire prayer and praise and sermon, and be the chief sacrament. By its baptism let children be consecrated and kept pure; by its communion let all hearts be enlarged and sanctified; by its tenderness let marriage be made holier and homes more heavenly; and from its divine promise let death learn that love is everlasting.

People: To peace and unity among all; to warmer hearts and happier homes; to true life on earth and trust in life eternal, we dedicate this Temple.

Choir: Trust ye in the Lord, the Eternal;
He will preserve thy soul forever more.

All: Father, sanctify this place, that it may be to us and to our children's children the house of God and gate of heaven.

All Join in Singing:
(Tune: Balerma.)

O! thou whose own vast temple stands,
Built over earth and sea;
Accept these walls that human hands
Have raised to worship thee.

Lord, from thine inmost being send,
Within these courts to bide,
That peace whose blessing without end
Shall shine on every side.

May all the souls that worship here,
In weakness, age and youth,
Both they who mourn, and they who fear,
Be strengthened by thy truth.

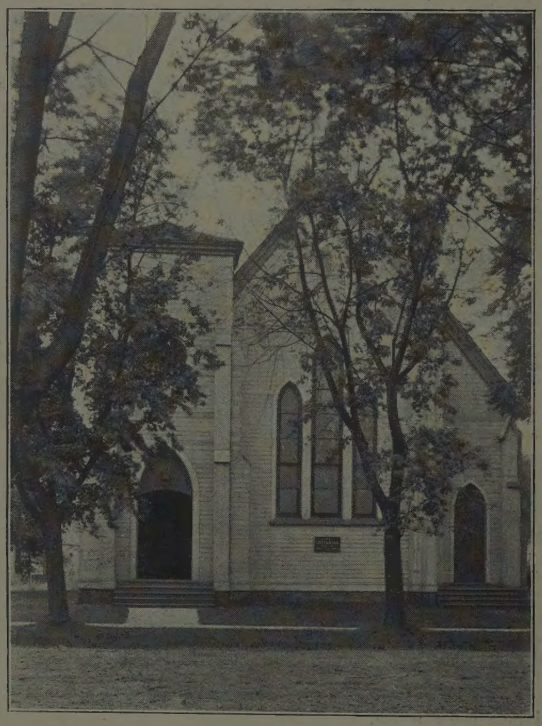
May faith grow firm, and love grow warm,
And pure devotion rise,
While round these hallowed walls the storm
Of earth-born passion dies. —*Adapted.*

Minister: Peace be within these walls! the Eternal Love enfold and fill and keep us and all who meet here after us, henceforth forever more! Amen.

Prepared by Henry M. Simmons.

At the earlier creation of globing planets and making solar systems, Man has not tried his hand. But he shows powers greater than gravity. And when we see how he has asserted his "dominion" over the earth, and, reaching through the skies, has weighed the solar system and read its secrets; it is quite allowable to say that this little globe on his own shoulders outbalances the sun and outshines the stars.

First Unitarian Church, Minneapolis.



First Unitarian Church, Kenosha, Wis

Better yet, Man learned to make each year longer, and life larger, with ever growing knowledge and power. See, for instance, what he has done with that earlier creation, light. With that glass he brought it through solid walls to flood his house. Out of the glass he made cunning lenses to increase the light. * * * He creates the light also,—ever brighter and cheaper. He has laid his hand even on the fitful lightning, in which savage and psalmist saw an angry God, and learning not only to manage it, but to make it for himself, he sets it up as a steady lamp to supplement the sun. So Man, too, creates day out of darkness, and everywhere repeats the old command, "Let there be light."

H. M. S.